



VOL. IV. No. 44.

GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending November 5, 1859.

Whole No. 197



BEDOUINS TRAVELING.

Bedouins is the general name given to some of the roving tribes of the great desert of Sahara, in Africa, and of Arabia and Egypt. It is still doubtful whether they belong to the same race with the Arabs, or differ from them in their descent as they do in their manner of living.

The Bedouins live at a distance from cities and villages, in families, under sheiks, or in tribes, under emirs. Their dwellings are tents, huts, caverns and ruins. With their herds and beasts of burden, which carry their little property, they wander in quest of fresh water and pasture. They are all good horsemen, and are generally fond of hunting. The peaceful tribes exchange horses, (which they raise with great care,) and fat cattle for arms and cloth, with the neighboring nations. Other hordes are such open robbers that it is dangerous to travel through their country without a guard or a passport which the different chiefs sell. They not only plunder, but murder even when the travelers offer no resistance. Notwithstanding their barbarous custom, the Bedouins hold the rights of hospitality sacred; and the most defenceless enemy is sure of safety if once they have allowed him shelter. But the Bedouin considers every one his enemy who is not his brother, kinsman or ally. "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them."

Ever careful of his own safety, the Bedouin attacks no camp or caravan without being sure of his superiority. To superior numbers and a bold resistance, he yields, and saves himself by flight. A terror to the neighboring nations, the rapacious Bedouin lives in a state of continual watchfulness; poor, ignorant, wild and rude, but free and proud of his liberty. He is remarkable for temperance in regard to food, amounting almost to total abstinence.

The following romantic episode in Bedouin life is elegantly told by Lamartine, in his travels in the Holy Land:—

"We one day met a Bedouin on a fine black dromedary; the sheiks saluted him with an air of concern, and inquired what had been the issue of his unfortunate adventure of the preceding year. I asked his history, and found the recital sufficiently interesting to give it a place in my journal. Aloain (this was the name of the Bedouin), while hunting the gazelle, arrived at a spot where broken lances, bloody sabres, and unburied corpses, indicated a recent battle. A plaintive sound, which scarcely reached his ear, attracted him to a pile of dead bodies, in the midst of which a young Arab still breathed. Aloain hastened to his assistance, placed him upon his dromedary, led him to his tent, and by his paternal cares restored him to life. After four months' convalescence, Faress,

(the wounded man) began to talk of his departure; but Aloain said to him, 'If we must absolutely separate, I will conduct you to your tribe, but if you will remain with me, you shall be my brother, my mother shall be your mother, and my wife your sister; consider my proposal, and give it a deliberate answer.' 'Oh! my benefactor,' replied Faress, 'where shall I find such relations as you offer me? But for you, I should not now be living; my flesh would have been devoured by birds of prey, and my bones by the beasts of the desert; since you are willing to keep me, I will live with you, and serve you till the end of my life.'

"A motive less pure than he dared to avow, had prompted Faress' decision: love for Hafza, the wife of Aloain, who had been his nurse, was beginning to agitate his bosom, and was returned. Aloain, who entertained no suspicion, one day charged Faress to escort his mother, his wife, and two children, to a new encampment, while he went hunting. Faress could not resist this fatal opportunity; he loaded a camel with the tent, placed the mother and two children upon it, and sent them forward, saying that he would follow with Hafza on horseback. But the old woman looked in vain: Hafza did not appear; Faress had carried her away upon an extremely swift mare to his tribe. In the evening Aloain arrived, fatigued with the chase, and searched in vain for his tent among those of his tribe. The old mother had been unable to pitch it without assistance, and he found her seated upon the ground with the two children. 'Where is Hafza?' said he. 'I have neither seen Hafza nor Faress,' replied she: 'I have been expecting them since morning.' Then for the first time, he suspected the truth; and having assisted his mother to fix the tent, he mounted his black dromedary, and rode two days, till he came up to the tribe of Faress. At the entrance of the camp he stopped to speak to an old woman, who was alone. 'Why do you not go to the sheik?' said she; 'there is a feast in the tribe to-day; Faress Ebn Mehidi, who had been wounded on a field of battle and left for dead, is returned, bringing with him a beautiful woman; this evening their wedding is to be celebrated.' Aloain dissembled, and waited for the night; then, when all the camp slept, he introduced himself into the tent of Faress, separated his head from his body by a stroke of his sabre, and having carried the corpse out of the encampment, returned upon his steps, found his wife asleep, and woke her saying, 'It is Aloain who calls thee.' She rose in terror and said, 'Save thyself, imprudent man! Faress and his brothers will kill thee.' 'Traitor,' replied he, 'what have I done to be thus treated? Have I ever contradicted or reproached thee? Hast thou

forgotten all the cares I have lavished upon thee? Hast thou forgotten thy children? Come, rise, call upon God, and follow me: accursed be the devil who has tempted you to commit this folly!' But Hafza, far from being moved by this mildness of Aloain, exclaimed, 'Go hence! or I shall give the alarm, and call Faress to kill thee.' Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by remonstrance, he seized her, opened her mouth, and in spite of her resistance, placed her on a dromedary, which never paused till they were out of hearing of the camp. Then placing her behind him, he more leisurely continued his route.

"At daybreak the corpse of Faress and the disappearance of his wife set the whole camp in tumult. The father and brother of Faress followed and overtook Aloain, who defended himself with heroic courage. Hafza, breaking off her bonds, joined the assailants, and threw stones at him, one of which struck him on the head and made him stagger. Aloain, however, though covered with wounds, conquered his adversaries: he killed the two brothers, and disarmed the father, saying it would be disgraceful to kill an old man; he restored him his mare, and advised him to return home; then seizing his wife anew, he pursued the route, and reached his tribe without having exchanged a word with her. He immediately assembled all her relations, and placing Hafza in the midst of them, said to her, 'Relate thyself, all that has passed: I refer my cause to the judgement of thy father and brother.' Hafza told the tale truly, and her father full of indignation, raised his sabre, and laid her dead at his feet."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES. LINES.

Written during my Mother's illness, Sept. 28, '59.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

Oh! Mother, would that I could soothe
That weary ceaseless pain,
Oh! would my prayers to God for thee
Were not so often vain;
Thou canst not know how much I grieve
To see thee suffer so,
I feel at times my heart must break
Beneath the cruel blow.

I cannot bear to hear thee mourn
In anguish all the while,
With naught to cheer thy gloomy spell,
Or weary hours beguile;
No words of comfort, love, or hope,
Can chase thy pain away,
And oh! the hours seem to pass
In one long dreary day.

Oh! Mother! Mother! could thy child
One hour of pain appease,
From all the weeks, the wretched weeks,
Of thy slow sad disease;
It seems my heart would feel at times
It could rejoice and hope,
But oh! my efforts all are vain,
They sink within life's scope.

Oh! Father! Father! on high permit
The tears to flow no more,
And give me strength that I may trust
Life's fears and sorrows o'er,
Oh! lead me where the dews of hope
Will fall upon my heart,
With no rude waking that shall tell
Joy has of grief a part.

Oak Glen, N. C.

Holy and Happy.

The Bible tells us about holy children, and who, because they were holy, were happy; therefore, you see children may be holy. God can make them holy; and, if you ask him to make you holy, he will do it. He made Samuel holy when he was a very little boy. Do you know in what part of the Bible the account of Samuel is to be found? It is in the beginning of the first book of Samuel. What was the name of Samuel's father? Elkanah. What was his mother's name? Hannah. And where did Hannah take her little boy to, after she had weaned him? To the house of the Lord, which was in Shiloh, about twenty-five miles

north of Jerusalem. And what did he do there? He waited on Eli, the priest; and then it was that he prayed unto the Lord, and the Lord heard him.

From the Home Circle.

THE INEBRIATE RECLAIMED. A TRUE STORY.

BY REV. A. G. STACY, A. M.

It was in the afternoon of a charming day in April, 18—. The sweet village was quietly reposing in the shadow of the adjacent mountains, and grateful to the weary pastor who had just concluded his intellectual labors was the sight of its gardens, and groves, and fields.

A weather-beaten, comfortless cottage was entered, and the mistress of the establishment taxed her colloquial powers to the utmost to entertain her esteemed visitor. But in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, a shade of melancholy was painfully visible in her countenance. There were, it is true, the glossy raven ringlets, the brilliant black eye, the fair complexion, and the perfect form; but the buoyant smile, the gleeful expression of other days, had fled.

Six years before, she was a blooming beauty of eighteen. Her young heart had been won by a pious, intelligent, wealthy young man. The happy evening arrived, and the festive hall was illuminated. The gay company assembled, and soft zephyrs were floating by as the bridegroom and his suite made their appearance. The ceremony was soon over, and all was hilarity and joyful anticipation. The halcyon hours of the evening of the espousals fled away on swiftest wing, and in a few days the happy couple found themselves seated by their own fireside, in this enchanting village of the mountains.

The first year sped rapidly away: months were weeks, and weeks were hours. The present was an unbroken scene of delight: the future was an unknown land of beauty. But this domestic felicity was of short duration.

The joys of this interesting pair gradually grew less, and the sunshine which gilded their path was dimmed, and finally shut out, by portentous clouds. Mr. L. was warm-hearted and liberal, delighted to be in the company of his friends, and, of course, took pleasure in rendering them happy. He had the utmost confidence in his own ability to resist temptation, and never dreamed of injuring his friends by taking a social glass with them. It was liberal, noble, pleasant, to visit the bar-room occasionally with his esteemed associates. But alas! for human nature. Six brief years had scarcely gone by, when Mr. L. was found to be a confirmed drunkard; his property was well-nigh all squandered; his friends had forsaken him; he had been expelled from the Church; his business was neglected; his lovely wife and two smiling babes had no charms for him; and his highest ambition was to possess himself of a glass of brandy! How fallen! Behold the wreck of virtue and religion! See all the noble aspirations of a magnanimous man quenched by the fatal fluid!

"And now," said Mrs. L. to her venerated guest, to whom she felt free to unbosom herself, "my happiness is at an end. I anticipate nothing but want and ruin for myself and children. I must make the most of the present, bad as it is; for matters will certainly grow worse, until I and my dear little boys find in the grave a retreat from disgrace and sorrow." Tears suffused her eyes, and grief stopped her utterance. A few words of encouragement were offered, and the pastor walked pensively away. The setting sun was gilding the green mountain tops in the distance, and thus imaged the waning fortunes of the unhappy husband and father.

Eighteen months after this sad interview, this same minister was passing through the village, and called again at the house of Mr. L.; and, to his surprise, he found him living in a spacious mansion, surrounded by the comforts and even the luxuries of life. Mrs. L. greeted him with a countenance as sunny as that she was accustomed to wear in her girlhood days. Mr. L. was a sober, highly respectable man, and was engaged in an honorable and lucrative business. His former days of prosperity had returned, and he and his family were exquisitely happy amid the peaceful shades of an embowered home.

The gospel had reached him through the medium of the Temperance Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

The breath of Autumn's thrilling tone,
Is passing near me, now,
It whispers of the loved and gone,
And wildly o'er my brow
It passes; and again I feel,
The spirit's madness, o'er me steal.

The last frail flower, of Summer's bloom,
Has faded from my sight,
And mine reposes in the tomb,
For earth, too pure, and bright,
Sole daughter of my deathless love,
I pine for thee, in home, above.

The earth is beautiful, no more,
Striped of its vernal hue,
And storm-clouds, now, have gathered o'er,
The skies of peerless blue,
And I am desolate, and lone,
Bereft of love's familiar tone.

The breath of Autumn's cheerless wail,
Is passing near me now,
I hear its sad and mournful tale,
I feel it, on my brow;
But sadder is my spirit's tone,
For now, I hear it all alone.
Webster, Mich.

THE BOY OF THE TIMES.—We like an active boy—one who has the impulse of the age—of the steamboat—in him.

A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap, might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he don't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas. Men think quick, eat, sleep, court, and die quick—and slow coaches are not tolerated. 'Go ahead if you burst your boiler!' is the motto of every one—and he succeeds the best who has the most of 'do or die' in him.

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing your eyes as if you were half asleep—but be wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you will be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act, but think quickly, closely, and when you have fixed your eye upon an object, spring for the mark at once.

But above all things, be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood—chisel it in the marble; if a merchant, write it in your ledger.—Let honesty be your guiding star.

OF WHAT IS SALT A SYMBOL?—Of fidelity; a man who has partaken of salt with you is bound to you by the laws of hospitality; and thus bread and salt are eaten at the ratification of a bargain or treaty to make it binding on all parties. Salt is also an emblem of desolation; conquered cities were sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland salt appears to have been considered to represent the incorruptible spirit; and was, therefore, laid above the heart of a corpse; and in some cases a platten was so placed containing a small portion of salt and earth unmixed, the one to represent the immortal, the other the mortal part. In former days, when it was the custom for all the household of a nobleman or gentleman to dine together, the large salt cellar which was placed in the middle of the table was the boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
NEW MUSIC, from OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
Boston, Mass.

Here is a song, "O God my Soul's too Ardent State," by the world-renowned Donizetti; *The Old Mountain Tree*, arranged for the guitar, by T. B. Bishop; *The Wanderer*, a German song, by Franz Schubert; *Many a Time and Oft*, a song in C, by J. F. Duggan; *Evening*, music in B flat, by Lucantoni; an arrangement of the *Carnival of Venice*, surely the grandest, most varied and interesting arrangement of this very popular tune ever published, by Henri Hertz; *Beauties for the Violin*, arranged in easy and instructive duets of progressive difficulty, by G. Wichti. This is a most excellent thing, which every violinist ought to get. Last of all, but best and most blood stirring of any, is the *Sea Fight*, descriptive of a naval engagement in the reign of Charles II. Get this piece, ladies and gentlemen, by all means, for it is an extraordinary thing. Send \$1, or any other sum, in stamps, to Ditson & Co., and you will get the full worth of your money in any piece you may order, and the change due you will be honestly and faithfully returned to you. Wm. Hauser.

From the Richmond Examiner.
CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.
Dear Examiner: While looking over some old London Art Journals I happened to meet, in that of June, 1854, in an article headed "A Walk through the Studios of Rome," the following description of the lamented Crawford, with a notice also of the state, at that period, of the statues which now adorn the Square of your "City of Seven Hills," and which every son of the Old Dominion should feel a pride in viewing:

"After seeing many more works we left Mr. Gibson, delighted with his unaffected cordiality and kindness, and proceeded to the studio of the celebrated American Sculptor, Mr. Crawford. He lives in the Piazza de Termini, a great out-of-the-way square, close to one of the gates of Rome, where stands the superb fountain of 'Moses Striking the Rock.' Opposite Mr. Crawford's abode are the massive walls of Dioclesian's baths, built of the deep red stone that lends so rich a coloring to the Colosseum.

"The studio door (most unpromising, like all studio doors,) looks precisely as if it were the entrance to a coach-house; but on opening it we soon discovered that we had made no mistake—for we saw opposite to us the gigantic statue of WASHINGTON, on which the artist is now engaged. The enormous horse in clay which we now beheld, was bestrode by a man without a head, that part of the hero's person being placed in another apartment. The floor was strewn with mighty fragments of horses' heads, and great legs and hoofs, besides a Brobdingnag hand of Washington, and his great boot, which looked, for all the world, like the ruins of the statue of 'Dagon' in the picture books. This last article—I mean the boot—reminded me of the nursery story of the 'Old woman who lived in a shoe, with so many children she didn't know what to do.'

For, really, a whole generation of little people might live quite harmoniously in General Washington's boot. It looked odd and suspicious lying against the wall—what the Scotch call 'no canny.' I am sure it gets up in the night and walks hither and thither in the studio, with more noise than over the ghostly helmet made in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.'

"Mr. Crawford took us into another room—one of the three, of the largest Italian proportions, forming a magnificent studio—to show us his design for the great Monument to Washington, with the boot part of which I have been making so free. Nothing but the bold, youthful freshness for which American genius in sculpture is remarkable, could ever have conceived so stupendous an undertaking, to be executed solely by one man!

"The monument is to be fifty feet high, surmounted by the colossal equestrian statue of Washington. Below, on different pedestals projecting from the centre, stand four gigantic statues of patriots endeared to the recollections of Virginians, as having all been born in their province, and as being connected with the liberation of America from English rule. HENRY is a magnificent specimen of a demagogue—earnest, vehement, enthusiastic, with eager expression and arms outstretched, in the very act of addressing a multitude. Beside Henry stands the grand statue of Jefferson, offering an admirable contrast, wrapped in deep thought. These two figures are already cast in bronze at Munich, and are to be placed on a pedestal of a peculiarly beautiful piece of American granite. The whole monument is to be erected at Richmond, the capital of Virginia.

"Below the four statues are steps, broken at the angles by buttresses, crowned by grand looking eagles with

half-spread wings. Upon the centre pedestal, under Washington, are the arms of Virginia, which struck me as very suggestive. Between two figures of 'Justice' and 'Mercy' stands a veiled form representing 'Eternity,' which Mr. Crawford has left vague and undefined. 'I thought it best,' said he, 'to leave that figure somewhat unfinished, in long lines, leaving the imagination to fill up the deficiencies and form for itself a being under the veil—Eternity cannot be defined.'

"Mr. Crawford made the design for this great work in only six weeks, having his attention accidentally called to the subject by an advertisement he saw in the newspapers for models whilst he was last in America.

"We now turn from this gigantic work, on which the sculptor has been two years engaged, and which he expects to complete in four more, to lighter specimens of his power. He is particularly successful in his children. We saw a pair—the 'Happy' and the 'Unhappy Child'—the first, a sweet, little, round, smiling creature, looking out with laughing eyes, full of innocent fun; a little tunic falls over the hips in simple folds, caught up with both her hands as she dances forward; the hair, arranged in heavy, natural locks, is just raised, as though she were passing rapidly through the wind. The other child, sad and melancholy in aspect, holds a broken tambourine.

"But the most beautiful infantine group we saw here was that of the 'Children in the Wood'—a subject which Mr. Crawford has rendered with consummate skill and true feeling for nature. The little creatures are lying on a block of marble, dotted with leaves, while from behind the birds approach who are to prepare their winding sheet. The girl is the younger of the two; a loose drapery covers her pretty form; the boy is somewhat thinner and taller; his arm is fondly passed under his sister's head, (whose long plaited hair falls loosely down) wrapped in the deep, heavy slumber of unsuspecting childhood; his eyes, too, are closed, but even in sleep he turns towards his little companion as though to shield her from all harm; his hair mixes with her's in wavy curls, and he is dressed in the fanciful old English costume with which the mind associates their pathetic story. Words cannot describe the touching paths of those sleeping children. I was glad to turn away; the life-like expression was too painful; even the little shoes (and what mother can resist the charm there is about a child's little shoe?) were full of reality. One longed to touch them—to rouse the sweet children from their fatal slumber—to drive away the ominous birds creeping up the stone, bearing the sad, faded leaves."

But Crawford, the gifted and lamented Crawford, lives now but in his works, and in the hearts and memories of his many friends and admirers. He who with wondrous artistic genius could place on horseback with gigantic form, in molten bronze representation, the "Father of his Country," so natural, so graceful, and yet so dignified, giving life-like expression to his visage, and speaking action to his extended arm; he who could make, as it were, fire appear to flash from the war-like horse's eye, which proudly seems to bear his noble rider, the animal apparently only withheld by the firm and well-positioned bridle arm from dashing over the narrow base upon which he stands, and seeming, by eye and attitude, to spurn his limited platform; he, the genius Crawford, who threw so strikingly the character of each into the colossal figures of Henry and Jefferson, showing on their brows the grand intellect they possessed, and by their striking attitudes—as a speaking language—the characters of each. He, this gifted man, who could thus represent the great and good WASHINGTON, the noble, patriotic and intellectual statesman, and the energetic life-breathing war horse, in stupendous, but beautiful proportion, could also represent, in soft and gently rounded outline, the beauty and simplicity, the truth and love of sweet childhood, with such life-like reality as to soften the stern heart of man, and make him say, after gazing on the recumbent forms of the "Babe in the Wood," "I was glad to turn away; the life-like expression was too painful." Yet, this grand and truthful artist's name may in time be in a measure forgotten—but his works will bloom and bear fruit in the hearts of the patriotic, pure and just; they will breathe the love of art and imagination into the young; they will give them a reverence for all that is beautiful and sublime; they will be reproduced perpetually in the stone of the sculptor, or upon the canvass of the painter.

Man dies and is forgotten; but the beautiful in art survives him and is immortal. Yours,
Raleigh, N. C. PERCY.

YELLOW FEVER.—New Orleans and other southern cities have been exempt from yellow fever this season.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

No wonder that some of the leading organs of Republicanism write under the disclosures of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. The first accounts received were ambiguous. They were not such as to connect the outrages of Ossawatimie Brown and his associates with their former well-known confederates in the North. But the evidence deepens, and each hour adds new testimony. Letters and remittances have been found among the effects of the insurgents, from Gerrit Smith and Frederick Douglass. Other documents are in possession of Governor Wise, of Virginia, the purport of which is not yet known to us. No wonder that the Evening Post, Tribune, and other journals of the same class, would fain palliate the enormities which have sent such a thrill of horror through the land. Well do they know that the sanguinary scenes of Harper's Ferry were but the carrying out of the principles inculcated by such journals. Well do they remember the proceeding at the North Church, New Haven on the 21st of March, 1856, when Silliman, Killam & Co., subscribed rifles wherewith to arm their fellow-citizens who were about proceeding to Kansas; and when Rev. Mr. Beecher shouted,—"If twenty-five rifles can be raised on the spot I will pledge twenty-five more for Plymouth Church!" Twenty-seven were procured, and the pledge, thus publicly given, we may presume was fulfilled. At any rate, the scent of blood—the blood of slave-holders—has been snuffed by not a few men at the North and East, including (shame on them!) many professed disciples and even ministers of the Prince of Peace; and we may safely say that the large stores of arms, ammunition, &c., found among the effects of the insurgents, besides what they stole from the Armory, were not purchased with their own money. Many others must have been concerned with them, to supply such an amount of the sinews of war. Brown says he brought all the arms from Connecticut and other Eastern points; and among them were

200 revolvers,
200 Sharpe's rifles, and
1,000 spears,

together with an abundance of powder and other ammunition. The cost of these articles could not be less than \$10,000 or \$12,000.

Again it is stated that "bushels of letters have been discovered" among the effects of the insurgents, "from all parts of the country."

Brown further states that he was expecting reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, and from Canada.

A Republican paper, which is supposed to be well posted in all matters relating to the "irrepressible conflict," acknowledges that the colored population of this city were secretly advised of the plot, prior to its outbreak. Were not others besides colored people aware of it?

From all these facts, it is evident that the ramifications of the conspiracy were extensive, and that very many persons must have been privy to it, North and South, white and black. Most of the white men immediately concerned in the outbreak were from New England; though several of them have resided a short time in Kansas. The three Browns were originally from Springfield, Mass.

Where, then, rests the responsibility of this insurrection? Who is responsible for the thirty lives lost, and for the hangings and imprisonments which are yet to follow? Do not the words *THOU ART THE MAN* frown down upon every one of those persons, whether editors, clergymen, or other citizens, who have aided directly or indirectly, in exciting or promoting the fatal attempt? It matters not they thought they were doing God service. It is in vain that they asseverate, in the distressed language of one of our contemporaries, that "no political party is responsible;" and plead in extenuation of the atrocities of Brown, that he was "crazy." To be sure he was crazy, and has long been so; but he is no more crazy than those by whom he has so long been encouraged in his bloody career.

It is not our intention to say that all, or even a large part, of those who abetted Brown in his course in Kansas, would distinctly approve of his conduct at Harper's Ferry. They would at least say that he should have managed the matter better. Many of them we trust, would denounce the whole movement, from beginning to end. And yet they may be in a measure responsible for it. For while teaching the doctrine of "irrepressible conflict" between the Slave and Free States, and furnishing material aid for operations in one quarter, their disciples, less discreet, have made it available for service in what they deemed the same cause, in another locality. It is easy to trace the connection between cause and effect,—between the teachings of the leading spirit of Republicanism, and the practice of their willing instruments, in carrying out the spirit of the doctrine thus inculcated.—If the latter are less prudent than their leaders, it is by no means certain that they are more responsible before the bar of public opinion.—N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.

Progress of Bank-Note Forgery.

We have, without exception, the best bank-note engraving in the world, and we have also more counterfeit bank-notes than any other country with a paper currency. The ingenuity of our engravers is taxed and tasked to produce bank-notes which the counterfeiter cannot imitate, and yet forgeries are exceedingly flush.—For example, as we learn from *Petersen's Counterfeit Detector* of yesterday, as many as fifty-eight new counterfeits have been put into circulation within the last fortnight. This would appear almost incredible, but it is true. There is not a single imitation of a bank in this State or this city in this tremendous list. This is complimentary to the bank note engravers of this city, as it indicates that their work is so well executed that "it does not pay" to attempt to imitate it.

The Bank of England notes, which are now very rarely imitated, are distinguished, in their execution, by the utmost simplicity of design and work. Had the Bank Directors belonged to the Society of Friends, by whom vain adornment is repudiated, they could scarcely have agreed upon a more simple and plain bank-note. Yet, with all this simplicity and plainness, a forgery of it is seldom made, and, when made, is readily detected. The protection lies in the simplicity. Instead of being covered over with many and beautiful decorations and drawings, including gems of landscape by DARLEY, or portraits of individuals, or reminiscences of the Grecian mythology, the note of the Bank of England is little more than a promise to pay, duly dated and numbered, with signature of cashier, or one of his assistants, on right side, and the signature of an entering clerk on the left. The chief peculiarity is a different ink employed on the mechanical numbering of each note, and a mathematical exactness and harmony on the whole engraving. There are a few secret marks—five in all—consisting of dots placed with apparent carelessness on various parts of the note, which bank clerks and other initiated persons can immediately ascertain. [We shall be happy to point them out to the possessor of a Bank of England note, who will present us with the same in payment for the lesson.] Above all, the paper, with its peculiar water-mark, is difficult to be made. To imitate it would be as felonious as to forge the handwritings on the note itself. This paper is made by a process known only to a few confidential persons in the bank, and even were the mystery laid open, would require such a costly plant of intricate machinery, that persons possessed of the pecuniary means to establish it for this purpose, would be so far above the usual inducements to crime that they would scarcely be induced to run the risk. This paper possesses such remarkable toughness, that if a Bank of England note be twisted, with a weight of two hundred and twenty-four pounds suspended to it, the twist will sustain it without yielding or breaking.

It appears utterly improbable that counterfeiting cannot be prevented here, as it is in London and Paris. Suppose that some bank should try the experiment of issuing notes, the very perfection of cunning art employed to produce the most beautiful simplicity of design and execution.—Forney's Press.

Territorial Matters.

Ion, writing to the Baltimore Sun from Washington, the 13th October, says:

The Kansas constitution of State government has been ratified by the people of that Territory, and will be presented to Congress at an early day next session, together with an application for admission as a State. Meanwhile, the census of the inhabitants of the Territory, in conformity with the English (conference) act, has not been taken. It is believed, however, that the number of the inhabitants will exceed that required by the English act, to-wit: 93,000—the representative ratio. The adoption of the State constitution prior to this preliminary proceeding is irregular, but it is not supposed that the informality will lead to a very decided opposition to the admission of Kansas as a State, under this, her fourth constitution.

Notwithstanding the admission of Oregon, the policy of crowding into the Union a number of small States, with two senators and one representative—thus overwhelming in the Senate the proper weight of the great central States—New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, etc., may well be questioned. It seems probable that Nebraska will soon be admitted into the Union, and perhaps New Mexico, but not Utah, as it is to be hoped. An Indian State has also been occasionally urged, ever since Mr. Severn, of Arkansas, first proposed it. Several new Territories may soon be created, and thus a crowd of senators from what may be called rotten-borough States, may be introduced into the Senate, and perhaps become a controlling power in that body, while their population and resources will never enable them to rank even with Maryland or New Jersey, and still less with Georgia or Ohio.

The Literary Paper of the South!

"EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ IT!"

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ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER!

THE TIMES is neither political nor sectarian, but it is the constant aim of the Editors to fill its columns with the choicest Historical, Literary and Family reading, and with a large selection of all the news of the day, both foreign and domestic.

The fifth volume commences with the new year 1859. Engagements have been made to make this the most brilliant year in the history of THE TIMES. It will commence with

Three Beautiful Prize Stories.

Its illustrations will be increased; and its typographical appearance will be improved by a still neater dress. The Publishers are determined to keep pace with the improvements of the age; their motto is "PROGRESS," and as the circulation of THE TIMES enlarges each year, they are determined to add new attractions to its columns, and make it the literary paper of the South. With these inducements the Publishers confidently expect several thousand increase in circulation.

But as additional incentives to the friends of the South to encourage their own literary and family paper, in which they will find none of that impure and immoral reading which sometimes they get from abroad, the Publishers of THE TIMES offer

\$2,500 in Premiums

For subscribers to commence with the new volume and the new year. THE TIMES is printed weekly on eight large pages, fine paper, at \$2 a year, in advance. For specimen numbers and circulars address the Publishers,

COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST! NEW GOODS

at Boone's Boot and Shoe emporium. I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-Skins, and Shoe finding's of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial, to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. J. B. P. BOONE.
October, 11. 41-

SOMETHING NEW!

Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots and Shoes with Metallic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. To be had at BOONE'S.
October, 17. 41-

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HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY FOR the sale of these unrivalled instruments, we invite the attention of all who may want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakosch, Satter, Viennetemps, beside the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O'B. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach, Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolde of Greensboro Female College &c.

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., P. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRae, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted. One thing we wish distinctly understood, they have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately, by

GEO. H. KELLEY,
(Jy 30-ly) Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August. Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education. Tuition per Session of Twenty weeks \$20. One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.
JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal.
June 20, 1859. 178td.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 28, '99.

The Harper's Ferry Insurgents—Death of two Lieutenants—The President's new private Secretary—The coming Session—Commissioner Greenwood of Indian Affairs—The Washington Monument fund—The New Envelopes—A new Catholic Church—The Weather.

The trial of Capt. Ossawatimie Brown and his followers implicated in the conspiracy at Harper's Ferry on the 17th inst., has just commenced at Charlestown, Va.; it is rumored that Capt. Cook, another of their band, who fled on the 18th inst., and has since then been hiding in the mountains, has been found and arrested: It is stated on reliable authority that the slaves of a widow lady in Shenandoah county, Va., were furnished with arms by the abolitionists, and a night appointed for them to start to Harper's Ferry. Instead of doing so, however, when the time came, they held a consultation, and taking those very arms, kept guard from dark till dawn around their mistress house. In the morning, they showed her the arms, told her what they had done, and went to work as usual.

The War Department has received intelligence of the death of First Lieutenant Andrew J. Donelson, corps of engineers, at Memphis, Tenn., October 20, 1899; and also of the death of First Lieutenant Owen F. Solomon, first artillery, at Fort Laramie, Nebraska, Sept. 26, 1899.

James Buchanan who has been appointed private Secretary to the President, is the son of the only surviving brother of the President, the Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, an Episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia. He has lately been admitted to the bar. This post was formerly held by Mr. James Buchanan Henry, but who resigned some time since for the purpose of engaging in the practice of the law—Mr. W. A. Shannon, who has been lately acting in that capacity, will resume his position in the Treasury Department, from which he was transferred.

The Hotel-keepers of this City are daily in receipt of letters from members of Congress and Senators, in relation to accommodations during the approaching session. Very many of them are making arrangements for housekeeping with their families; several Senators have already returned to their homes in this City.

Gen. Cushing and Mr. Spofford decline a re-election to the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Newburyport. Mr. Spofford was Gen. Cushing's private secretary in Washington, and served two years as his legislative colleague.

The Hon. A. B. Greenwood has returned to this City from his recent official visit to the State of Arkansas and Kansas and Nebraska Territories, and resumed the duties of his position.

The plan to raise money for the completion of the Washington Monument by means of collections, at the different Post offices, seems likely to prove successful. Several hundred Postmasters have notified Lieut. Ives of their intention to comply with the suggestions. Lynn, Mass., has sent in the largest contribution, \$48; Wheeling, \$18; Washington, \$17; Baltimore and Portsmouth, Va., \$15 each; New York, \$10. Should the contributions be sent in as fast as at present for a year, the whole amount would be collected in that time. First Comptroller Medill, has received from Governor Weller, of California, a thousand dollar draft for delivery to the treasurer of the Washington Monument Association, it being the first of the yearly contributions of that amount tendered by the State of California.

It is reported that the Postmaster General, contemplates removing the post-office stamp agency from Philadelphia to this City.

There is much activity in the several Departments just now, consequent on the preparation of the statements to accompany the annual reports.

The Hon. Wm. M. Gwin, United States Senator from California, has arrived in this City, after an absence of several months.

The demand for the new envelopes continues to increase, and the Post-office Department is in daily receipt of orders for them. Seven hundred and fifty thousand of them have already been supplied to the various offices.

The new "Church of the Holy Rosary" (Catholic), was dedicated on last Sunday; it is about 12 miles from this City in Prince George's county, Md., and is under the care of the Dominican Fathers.

We had a slight fall of snow here last Saturday, and since then the weather has been very cold. The approaching winter bids fair to be rather severe, if we may judge from the present month, which has been unusually cold here.

SOME CORN.—The Wilmington Herald says: We have before us an ear of corn grown on the farm of Josiah Maultby, Esq. near Whitesville, Columbus co., which is a pretty large one. There is over 1100 grains on this ear—all sound—and the land from which it was taken—though pine land—yields 90 bushels to the acre.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., October 31st.
The Fair Season—The one at St. Louis—The Virginia Insurgents—Will they succeed?—Respite of Hogue—Messrs. Mander & Campbell—Capt. Guion—A Wedding—Pescud's pictures—J. G. Williams & Co.—Land Sales.

Dear Times:—This may very properly be called the Fair Season; in every direction they are springing forth around us, spontaneously "sprouting out" like corn and potatoes. The Richmond Fair was held last week; this week one at Petersburg; next week one at Newbern and then one at Norfolk. This is the first trial by the Newbern folks, but we learn they are preparing to outdo themselves. The fair ground is on the bank of the river and the attractions of a boat race are to be superadded. It requires much good management to get up a Fair successfully, very much more than a superficial observer would imagine and more than those who sneer and complain would be apt to exercise; the greatest difficulty is to get the right men to act as committees, not only those who know something of the work before them, but those whose judgment will command respect in the community. Every good citizen should consider it a part of his bounden duty faithfully to perform the roles assigned to him. The St. Louis Fair recently concluded seems to us to be nearer the mark than any we know; they calculated 65,000 to be on the ground one day, awarded several premiums of \$1,000 each for bulls, and horses, and altogether had the grounds more beautifully laid off, the articles better arranged than any Fair in the country. We notice that the premium for the best specimen of Crochet was awarded to a young lady of this city, Miss Maria E. Cooke; of fruits the best show was about 70 varieties, hardly half the number Westbrook had here and doubtless he could have beaten them, on their own ground. The display of cattle and horses was perhaps superior to any ever before seen in the country, as the large prizes of course attracted competitors from all parts of the country, even from the distant south; the prizes were, many of them, the gifts of private citizens, an example most worthy of imitation. There are many items still "lying about loose," in connection with our Fair, but they belong to unwritten history, and we must refrain from giving them, in hopes thereby of inducing your readers to come to the next one and see for themselves.

The probable result of the trials of the Virginia Insurgents is speculated on as a matter of much interest; many well informed persons incline to the opinion that they will escape the fate they so richly deserve. We well know that their crime is, fortunately, very rare in our country; but with every advantage which may be granted them, arising from the ability of their counsel, the intricacies and uncertainties of the law and the want of accurate information we feel sure that the ringleaders, at least, will dangle at the end of a cord, a terror and a warning to their whole tribe and we do hope that the arm of justice may be long enough and strong enough to reach others of those evil doers, who walk in high places. Gov. Wise has declared that, if necessary, he will march to the capitals of Pennsylvania or Ohio, and he is not the man to back down from imaginary shadows. The prisoners are arraigned on three capital charges and, if they make good their escape from these, the Government will lay hands on them on a charge of high treason. The wretches almost deserve hanging for stealing the sword given to Washington by Frederick the Great, with the legend: "from the oldest to the greatest General."

Friday last had been appointed as the day of Hogue's execution, but he has been respite by the Governor till January; this has been done in regard to a petition numerously signed and presented to him and with a view to ascertain if he be really insane. There can be no reasonable doubt that every bad man is to a certain extent morally insane, but if he knew right from wrong and is capable of carrying on the ordinary business of every day life the law will hardly consider him released from its restraints and free to act as his bad passions may prompt. This man expressed no concern at his respite, but rather disappointment, affirming with an oath, it is said, "that if that was all, he had rather be hung at once."

We noticed at Moulder & Campbell's the other day a very neat and chaste monument executed by them, for the family of the late Judge Nash and inscribed to the memory of that excellent man; also a fine marble figure representing an infant at prayer; this was exhibited at the Fair.

Capt. E. P. Guion, long and well known as one of our most respectable citizens, died at his residence near this city a day or two since; he was buried from the Episcopal Church by the masonic fraternity, who met the body outside the city and escorted it to the church, thence to its last resting place. Tuesday next the same church is to be the scene of a wedding: one of our youngest and prettiest belles, surrounded by a choice selection of her friends, intending on that occasion to make happy the man of her choice.

Our friend Pescud, among a number of the newest and best articles, has a fine lot of stereoscopes and microscopes, with abundance of pictures to suit; among these marvels he showed us some little specks, hardly discernible, which on being placed under a microscope, expanded, one into the Ten Commandments, another into the Lord's Prayer, likeness of Dickens &c.; the instruments are daily besieged by crowds of admirers. Mr. J. G. Williams, the popular broker, has taken into his office Mr. Bryan, late Teller of the Bank of the State; with the advantages now possessed by the firm, we are sure no one entrusting business to their hands, will be disappointed. William Grimes Esq. has bought E. Halle's plantation adjoining the Insane Asylum for \$12,000 cash, about \$20 per acre and Mr. Durm, a tract near Durmville, for \$21 per acre; we will soon have near this city a very highly intelligent body of farmers, who will and can do a great deal to advance the cause and the State.

Very Respectfully, P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31st, 1899.

Wind, weather and other things—A stroll up Broadway—A "diamond wedding," more properly termed a "diamond humbug"—Lola Montez—The monster balloon—Arthur Napoleon—Harper's Ferry—The Great Eastern—A snow storm in the Metropolis—The diet of the Dalies—Decline of poetry and the Drama, &c.

Magnanimous Times:—"Blow on ye winds, &c."—ugh! there goes our extraneous Genie whirling through the mud with the velocity of Flora Temple on the last heat. Confound these October gusts! as though they could find no more fitting subject to play at "irrepressible conflict" with than our new beaver! But then "what's the use of sighing" &c., &c.?

Well, friend Times, are you good for a stroll up Broadway this brisk afternoon? If you slip your arm through ours we will "post you" on town topics as we walk.

We have just floated past a terrible "hub-bub" in our social sea, caused by a couple of drifting bulks coming in contact, it created a terrible splurge as I have said, but as the old lady would have it "its all over now." To be more explicit, however—we have had what some people called a "diamond wedding," but what QUEERSTREET denominates a *Diamond Humbug all festooned with tom-foolery*. The particulars of this bombastic pageant are simply as follows. A certain individual of Spanish air and accent styled Mons. Oviedo wooed and won a city belle called Bartlett by name. The gentleman being reputed wealthy and the lady beautiful of course nothing less than a grand "spread" could satisfy the notions of the twain, and in all conscience they had a spread. But of course every body must have read the particulars and we have neither the patience nor the will to re-write them.—So Mons. & Lady Oviedo—"fare-thee-well for a while."

But, Egad! who is that imperious queen that has just swept past us? As we live its no less a personage than the renowned LOLA MONTEZ. What a carriage and step! What an eye and figure. By the gods! it carries us back to the glowing canvas of Raphael and almost makes one think that his great Madonna has stepped from its frame and moves before us. Now she is lost in the crowd and her ideal is all that remains to satisfy our gaze.

The monster balloon and its adventurous owner are just now exciting considerable attention in our midst—the preparations for this daring voyage—"athwart the fuming brine" are fast drawing to a close and doubtless ere this paragraph assumes the dignity of printer's ink the "City of New York" will be on its way Eastward. It is to be hoped that professor Lowe's air-castle will not prove as unsubstantial as those of the majority of mankind—if it does look out for your heads!!

But yonder goes a youthful looking physiognomy, with very fair skin and fine large eyes—he cannot number more than sixteen summers and in good truth hardly looks as old. An affable smile plays upon his lips and he looks the picture of politeness and good nature. He jostles pleasantly amid the busy throng and has a courteous bearing and a friendly greeting for all. This is none other than the distinguished young pianist—the gifted Arthur Napoleon whom every body has heard of and many are familiar with and whom none can know but to esteem and admire.

The Harper's Ferry operation is a lively theme among us just now. The democracy swear by it; and all parties are on tip-toe concerning the result.

The advice by the last European Steamer were to the Effect that the "Great Eastern" would undoubtedly leave England for Portland about the 24th inst.

On the evening of the 26th we were visited by quite a noticeable snow storm. And snow fell to the depth of 4 or 5 inches. In good truth the hoary visitor is with us betimes!

News just now is at a premium in the Empire City, and re-asked "Harper's Ferry" and cold-sliced "Irrepressible Conflict" are the standard dishes at the offices of the Dalies

Theatrical items are few and uninteresting. There never was such a dearth of novelty or histrionic effort as at the present time. And its an unpalatable truism that we have't a poet or dramatic author extant at this day. Won't some of your fascinating Southern authoresses get us up a drama worthy the name—if they will only do this much *Queerstreet* for them will ever pray. Suppose Miss Evans or Mrs. Ritche favor us in this direction. Oh! ladies do!!!!

There is nothing at any of the theatres except rehashed vagaries and tinselled bosh, so shall wave adieu to the subject and with our usual salam subscribe ourselves,

As ever yours,

QUEERSTREET.

FATAL DUEL.—Three men killed by a Major of *Malitia*—A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, at Havana, writes as follows:

A Major of the rural militia, who is sixty-five years old, at Cuno, about four leagues from this city, having had a quarrel with a man, a duel ensued with swords and the old man killed his adversary, who was many years his junior: the second of whom then took up the quarrel, and he too, received his quietus at the point of the old Major's sword; then a cousin of the first killed by the nervous arm of the old man; lastly, a friend of all others felt bound to avenge their deaths, but upon receiving a rather severe wound, declared himself satisfied. It is believed the old man's gallantry will cause his acquittal by the military court, before whom he will be tried.

"Folks say, Mr. Barkeeper, that I can't be trusted out of sight, but I'm in sight now—can't I have a cocktail?"

COLE & AMIS.

1899. FALL TRADE. 1899.

We take this opportunity of announcing to the citizens of Greensboro, and to the public generally, that we are now in receipt of one of the largest stocks of goods that we have ever offered in this place. In our stock may be found a full assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's dress goods, and every style of goods adapted to the season. In all of which we challenge competition, both in price and quality.

Greensboro, Nov. 1st, 1899.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Our stock is complete including Overcoats, Suits, Vests and Pants in great variety. Do not purchase before examining our assortment.

Nov. 1st 1899.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In this department our assortment was never better. Embracing Children's, Misses', Boys', Gentlemen and Ladies', Shoes and Boots, to all of which we would particular call the attention of the public.

Nov. 1st 1899.

GROCERIES.

Sole Leather, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Lard and Tanned Oil, Cheese, Nails and everything pertaining to the Grocery trade. Besides a full assortment of Wood-Ware at

Nov. 1st 1899.

KERSEY LINSEY.

Negro Blankets, Stripes and Plaids &c. Brown and Bleached cotton Cloths, Satinets, Casimeres, Cloths, Tweed Jeans, North Carolina Jeans, Ticking and Flannels at

Nov. 1st 1899.

GENTLEMEN

May find an assortment of Oakford's silk and casimere Hats of the latest city style at

Nov. 1st 1899.

THE OLD NORTH STATE, FOREVER. Look here, friends and Fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the County Agent, for this

New, Large and Magnificent Map And you will get the whole State, with her Rivers, Railroads, Gold, Copper, Lead, Iron and Coal Mines, and all the Cities, Towns and Villages, her noble Mountains and Springs, and her Fields and Flowers.

If you want this GOLDEN PRIZE, now is the time. Map seven feet by five. Border views of the State House, Insane Asylum, Chapel Hill, Male and Female Colleges, &c., &c., one of the cheapest and best Maps ever published.

PEARCE & BEST,

Hillsboro, N. C. 1899.

AGENTS WANTED for Every County in the State. Terms liberal. Apply as above.

(Oct 8-6m.)

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by

Greensboro, Jan. 1, 1899.

P. A. TATUM,

Wholesale and retail dealer in Fruits, Candies, Preserves, Nuts, Pickles, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Snuff, Fancy Articles, &c., &c. Garrett's New Brick Building, Greensboro, N. C.

JAMES E. THOM,

Having turned his attention to House and Sign Painting, respectfully solicits the public patronage.

Greensboro, N. C.

41-4w.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107tf Baltimore, Md.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA—FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss E. E. Morphis, Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Fannie Ogburn, Miss Pattie Cole.

Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Teacher of Guitar.

Miss Josephine M. Flint, Teacher of Vocal Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, Miss J. Bethel, Miss J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks. Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c. (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11-1y)

GLETHORPE MEDICAL COLLEGE—Savannah, Georgia.

The Fifth Annual course of Lectures in this Institution will begin on the 14th of Nov. next. The Preliminary Lectures will open on the 29th October.

FACULTY:

H. L. BYRD, M. D., Prof. Practice.

HOLMES STEELE, M. D., Prof. Obstetrics &c.

A. W. GRIGGS, M. D., Prof. Surgery.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., Prof. Physiology and Pathology.

HUGH A. BLAIR, M. D., Prof. Anatomy.

B. L. JONES, M. D., Prof. Chemistry.

WM. F. FEAY, M. D., Emeritus, Prof. Chem'y.

FRANKLIN DOZIER, M. D., Prof. Materia Medica.

V. H. TALIAFERRO, M. D., Emeritus Prof. Materia Medica.

WM. BISCHOFF, A. M., Prof. Botany.

CHARGES:

For the full course.....\$105 00

Matriculation fee (paid once only)..... 5 00

Dissecting ticket..... 10 00

Diploma..... 30 00

One student from each Congressional District in Georgia; one from each Southern State, and all the foreign Missionaries of any religious denomination, without exception, educated gratuitously, save \$15 only, for matriculation fee and dissecting ticket. The sons of Physicians have first choice of the beneficiary foundation, the sons of clergymen next, and all others are equal. For further information address

H. L. BYRD, M. D., Dean.

Savannah, Ga.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give Medical Advice Gratis to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter, or otherwise, and in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent Free of Charge to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 3, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec.

June 11-1y.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING

STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter goods, embracing every thing in our line of business our Stock of Ready Made Clothing is complete and carefully selected, every Garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also a large assortment of Cloths, Casimeres and Vestings which were selected with great care to suit the wants and purses of all classes and which we will make up to a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. A call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will recommend themselves upon inspection.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK.

Greensboro, Sept., 1899. 38-1y.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,
W. B. HUNTER,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,
Mrs. L. R. SQUIRE,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. J. O. WHITTELEY,
MARY W. JAYNES,
WILLIE E. PARSON,
ISA CLAYTON,
C. G. DUNN,
ANNA M. EATERS,
GRACE MILWOOD,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. MOORE,
and others.

\$200.00 IN PRIZES.

The Publishers of *The Times* propose giving \$200.00 in prizes for the three best Original Stories, scenes laid in America, which may be received by them between this and the 15th of December.

For the best Story.....\$100.00
For the second best..... 50.00
For the third best..... 50.00

These prizes will be awarded the 15th of December, if Stories are received to justify an award. The length of the stories, and the subjects, provided they are of a moral character, will be left to the discretion of the writers. Three impartial judges will make the awards, and to shun all appearance of collusion, manuscripts should be mailed to the publishers of *The Times*, marked "Prize Story," and the name of the writer should be sealed in a separate envelope.

COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Publishers of THE TIMES,
Greensboro', N. C. Sep. 13, 1859.

Mecklenburg Agricultural Fair.

The Fair of the Mecklenburg Agricultural Society was held last week in Charlotte, and proved a very complete success. The arrangements and fixtures are new, and therefore not perfected, yet the site is an admirable one and the arrangements are fully ample for the purposes.

Mecklenburg county has the reputation of being a rich soil, inhabited by an industrious, intelligent and wealthy citizenship; and the exhibition in its various agricultural departments fully sustained the reputation. And in passing a merited compliment upon the farmers of Mecklenburg, we would not by any means overlook the ladies. Of the handiwork, and the department of Domestic Economy, the ladies of Mecklenburg made a most noble showing. In quantity and variety perhaps the exhibition was inferior to the State Fair; it is altogether natural it should be; but in quality the comparison holds good.

On Thursday the Hon. Daniel M. Barringer, now of Raleigh, formerly of the adjoining county of Cabarrus, delivered the address before the Society. A very large concourse of people had been attracted to the place, and the speaker interested them for more than an hour with his address of learning, practical experience and wit. The address has been published, read and admired, and we deem it unnecessary to speak of it further than to hope its practical thoughts may meet with more than a mere passing perusal and admiration.

SYNOD DIVIDED.—The synod of Baltimore, lately in session at Alexandria, has by a vote of 58 to 25, decided to divide Winchester Presbytery, by establishing the Blue Ridge as the boundary, and setting apart the eastern and tide-water counties to the Presbytery of Potomac.

GREAT MEN AND MOUNTAINS.

The Rev. Dr. Adams, in his funeral discourse on the death of the Hon. Rufus Choate, says:

"Great men are special efforts of that same divine benevolence which gives us Apennines and Alps and Lebanons and Himalayas. A man of genius is therefore a proper occasion of special praise to God for His sovereign power and goodness. Men seldom think of this. They worship and serve the creature more than the Creator, who is God blessed forever."

With the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*, we like these things. We heartily endorse them. If their spirit and meaning were fully felt in our souls and lives, common men would become less common, and great men would become greater.

Great men are God's gifts to a needy world, whatever else it may have, it always needs great men. Such men are divine instruments, whether conscious or unconscious, and God's blessings are communicated through them to the mass of mankind. The best blessings of heaven reach us in this way, for all history shows that society is rarely improved, or civilization advanced, except through such an agency. Great men serve us intellectually, by giving us great thoughts that stimulate our faculties and lead us forth into new realms of mind. They add new worlds to our world. By name we inherit the Universe, but great men give us practical possession of its magnitude and wonders.

Newton has made the stars the servants of navigators. Bacon has opened the mysteries of physical science to our use and admiration. Milton has enthroned the imagination amid the regions of infinite space, and associated all images of beauty, grandeur and sublimity with the high themes of Christian faith.

Great men help us morally and socially. We think better and more lovingly of humanity because they have lived. Our ambition is excited to live noble lives, and our hearts throb with stronger pulse at the mention of their illustrious names. Principles are good, but men with principles in them are better. Such is our nature that we have deeper sympathies with men than with principles, and hence, God uses great men to implant great virtues within us. "Hero worship" has been sinfully perverted. But there is a grand truth underlying its falseness. Men of sublime endowments mediate between us and otherwise unattainable good, so that the high and the glorious are brought within our reach. We prize them for the services, we honor them as our richest and truest benefactors. The measure of a great man's worth is the worth which he develops within us. If he is a mere spectacle, a grand show to our fancy, he is no benefaction to our hearts nor will our being ever rise to sublime heights because he has existed. But if we share his greatness, feeling his inspiring presence in our private moments, and grasping the lofty ideals revealed in his daily deeds, then, indeed, has he fulfilled the most honored mission that one human being can accomplish for another. Let us not forget, however, that true greatness not only comes from God, but is born of Him, and therefore like Him. Moral greatness is the sublimest attitude of the soul. Nor can it ever be the fruit of worldliness and self-seeking! Nor can it come from genius. It is the inspiration of God's Spirit, and wherever found it bears His royal seal. All its acts, all its triumphs, return to Him and thanks to the beautiful economy of life, as they return they bear us with them.

The Indian Girls at the Osage Mission school have sent to the President of the United States a memento consisting of a couple of purses of silk and buckskin, beautifully worked in beads. The package is inscribed in the handwriting of Victoria White Hair, one of the Indian girls, "from the Osage girls to the great father."

All the parties arrested at New Orleans on the charge of engaging in filibustering expeditions, have been acquitted.

Charlotte.

We were in Charlotte last week, attending the Fair of the Mecklenburg Agricultural Society, and if time admitted could say much of the place.—To see such a spirit of enterprise exhibited in her citizens, awakens afresh in our bosom a chord of patriotic State pride. The energy of her people, the quick business-like appearance of everything, made us feel like we were in a city! The good people of Charlotte will please excuse us for the last remark, if by possibility they can construe the language into a most distant insinuation that Charlotte is not now a city! We were thinking of a visit we made a few years ago to the town of Charlotte; and though we profess to be guided by the motto of "Progression," yet how could it be that Charlotte had so suddenly grown into a city! We remembered that the Charlotte Daily frequently made allusion to "our city," but whenever we saw them, in spite of our usual gravity, we could not help smiling a little in the sleeve. The city of Charlotte! Well, we have been to see it, and we can now write it without a smile, for if Charlotte is not a city, then we would like to see the line of demarcation drawn between Charlotte and what a city is.

Above we made an incidental allusion to the Charlotte Daily, *The Bulletin*, and as it is one of the best dailies in all the country, we take pleasure in paying it a special notice as one of the successful enterprises of Charlotte, in which not only Charlotte but the entire State receives honor. We acknowledge the courtesies shown us by Messrs. Britton and Alexander, the worthy and enterprising editors. The Bulletin office occupies four very large rooms in the heart of the city, well fitted up in every particular; and in connection with it is a large conveniently arranged reading-room for the convenience and accommodation of Charlotte and visitors. The news we receive through the Bulletin is several hours in advance of any other medium, and it thus becomes with us an indispensable commodity, and we hope it may never grow less nor come to an end.

Charlotte has heretofore been rather behind in educational facilities, but has recently thoroughly awakened upon the subject. She now has a flourishing Female School, and has also recently opened a Military Institute, which we learn has this (its first session) seventy-six cadets, with many more applicants. Under this success, the Board have resolved to add another Professor to the corps of instructors, and will endeavor to secure the services of an officer of the army. The cadets on parade make a fine appearance.

UNITED STATES TROOPS FOR FORT BROWN.—The Secretary of War has directed the re-occupation of Fort Brown, Texas, by two companies of artillery from Fort Clark, in consequence of the recent depredations of Mexican banditti at and in the vicinity of Brownsville.

THE Official Returns of the Mississippi election show a democratic majority of 25,105 votes. In the Legislature the opposition have four members in the Senate, and fourteen in the House. The majorities in the five congressional districts range from 5,664 to 7,391.

THANKSGIVING NORTH AND SOUTH.—The 24th of November has been set apart as a day of thanksgiving in Maine and South Carolina. This is the first appointment that has been made for a general thanksgiving in South Carolina for a number of years. The same day has been selected by six other States.

LEFT.—We learn that a man who had been in Georgetown, S. C., during a good part of the last Summer on the plea of health, left last Friday, it being intimated to him that it might save trouble to the community and danger to himself. He was a man of fine personal appearance, remarkably intelligent, and of gentlemanly manners and address. Circumstances left no doubt of his character as an emissary of those opposed to the institutions of the community in which he was a sojourner. The Harper's Ferry affair has aroused Southern vigilance, and the business of emissaries will be found "extra hazardous."

CULTURE OF FRUIT.

Among the many developments of Southern resources, the culture of fruits occupies a position of especial interest. The taste must be gratified, and what is more tasty than a deliciously flavored peach or apple. The sight of an apple, pleasing to the eye, has ever possessed a power tempting to the taste, since the tasting of the first apple of which we have any account.

Fruit culture is also becoming a very great source of revenue, especially with the Southern States where undoubtedly fruits grow more luxuriantly and of a finer flavor. This is a country for the successful cultivation and maturing of fruits.

Our attention was more especially called to the consideration of this subject from a having been present last week, while in Charlotte, at one of the meetings of the Southern Pomological Society. The various discussions by the members, who make fruit culture their business, was to us especially interesting; for though we are ignorant in reference to the science of the culture, yet we have some knowledge as to the taste of good fruit. And furthermore to us a very great interest is added in the promise it makes of developing so great a branch of southern industry.

In the culture and propagation of fruits there are men engaged in all sections of the South, yet strange as it may seem and as it really is, there are tens of thousands of dollars annually sent to the North for choice fruit trees. We are slow to learn, though experience usually called the best teacher, is inculcating its lessons of wisdom every day; and that lesson shows the Southern fruit, we believe without a single exception, where it has been tested, to be superior to the Northern fruit; to say nothing of the many deceptions practiced to palm off thousands of dollars worth every season of an inferior article of fruit or a fruit already cultivated under new blazing names. These frauds are by no means uncommon.

There is still another objection, a very serious one, to the introduction of Northern fruit in the Southern States. Among a vast many of the trees is a disease which not only destroys the immediate orchard, but it spreads as an infection among the trees of neighboring farms.

We were pleased to see that our countyman, Mr. Westbrook, was looked upon by the Pomological Society above referred to as the most energetic and scientific member of the body, and that great deference was given his views on every subject.

At present the Society is weak, has but few members; but we see in it, if successful, much good, and we hope it may yet take due proportions and accomplish its intended end. Let it spread before the public useful and reliable information, and let the public extend towards the Society its patronage and encouragement.

The love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

A darkey arose to announce his text as follows: "In the first pistle ob Olover, second chapter, and two hundred and ninetyfirst verse!" "Hold up, Doctor," cried one of his hearers, "you've got into de wrong book; you mean de 'pistle ob Timothy, I s'pose?" The preacher, hesitating a moment, with a very profound look, said:—"Well, I must cave in dis time, though I know de text was somewhere among de grasses!"

A young man who had spent a little of his own time, and a great deal of his father's money, in reading for the bar, was asked how he got along? "Very well," said he; "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed," said the old gentleman; "and what was that?" "They asked me what a *quiltam* action was, and I told them I didn't know."

Lawyers, as a general rule, are said to be very feeble men.

The day on which idle men work and fools reform is—to-morrow.

The Late Isambard Kingdom Brunel.

The late Mr. Brunel was the son of a French engineer, who having left his country at the time of the first French Revolution, came to this country, constructed many important engineering works, and finally returned to England, where he settled. His genius soon secured for him a prominent place among the engineers of the day. He was the originator and contriver of the famous Thames Tunnel, a dry path way under the bed of the Thames river, which, though a failure in a commercial point of view, remains nevertheless one of the most remarkable engineering works in the world. Mr. Brunel the elder married in England. His son, Isambard Kingdom, was born at Plymouth in 1806, was educated at Caen, in Normandy, and, when his education was complete, became his father's assistant. He was the superintendent of the works on the Thames Tunnel. More than once during the excavation of that remarkable tunnel a defect in the rock above caused the waters to rush in upon the workmen and half-drowned every one in the tunnel. Young Brunel was on one occasion washed fairly out of the tunnel by the resistless rush of the waters, and barely escaped alive.

The skill he developed as a resident engineer of this work brought him into general notice, and he obtained the position of engineer of the Great Western and other leading British Railways. He also built a number of bridges in England, among others the Hungerford bridge, a suspension one, across the Thames. Quite lately he was Mr. Stephenson's associate and assistant in the construction and establishment of the tubular bridges which have become so famous. While, however, he was engaged in laying down tracks for railways, cutting tunnels through mountain ridges, and building bridges over rivers, he was maturing a scheme for a gigantic steamship which should astonish the world and revolutionize steam navigation.

He succeeded in his aim. His steamship the *Great Western*—was built, and proved successful. Many who read these lines will remember her arrival in New York, and the intense interest which attached to her, her builder, and every thing connected with her. This was Isambard K. Brunel's first triumph in marine architecture.

For many years after the success of the *Great Western* Mr. Brunel devoted his whole energies to the practice of his profession. He built bridges, dug tunnels, and laid down railroads, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the European Continent. During the late Crimean War the British Government induced him to go to Turkey to build a grand military hospital on strict scientific principles; in this, as in every thing else, he succeeded.

It was in 1844, as we have said, that his conception of the *Great Eastern*, or *Leviathan*, as she was at first called, took shape, and he laid his scheme before Mr. Scott Russell. Ever since the plan was adopted, and the construction of the vessel began, Mr. Brunel's time has been occupied with the work. Though the building proper was the work of Mr. Russell, numberless details devolved upon Mr. Brunel; it was he who superintended the launch, and a large part of the machinery and other equipment was constructed under his directions. The difficulties and disappointments which the enterprise involved developed his noblest qualities. When—as we shall hereafter have occasion to describe—dark days befell the enterprise, the great ship stuck on the ways, the press derided the futile efforts that were made to launch her, and the stockholders in the Company railed at the engineers whose failures were ruining them, Isambard K. Brunel never lost hope, courage, or temper. On the darkest day of the *Great Eastern's* career he was serene, placid, and confident; the angriest remonstrances of ignorant stockholders never caused him any irritation.

It is very sad to think that this great man should have died before the success of his experiment was established. We know that though illness prevented his accompanying the great ship down the Thames, he was duly made aware of her success; whether he ever heard of the explosion, and, if yes, whether he was properly acquainted with evidence it supplied of the real strength of the ship we know not. On 16th September, at his residence, his overwrought brain avenged itself upon his body, and he died of paralysis.

"Father," said a young lisper of some four summers, "when wath the flood?" "O, my son," replied the parent, "that happened a long time ago."

"Wath we alive then?" persisted the little inquirer.

"No, dear," was the reply, "the flood we read of in the Bible happened many thousand years ago."

"Well, now," rejoined the boy in great disgust, "that ith too bad! I thought Tom Brown (another youngster of the same age) wath fibbin. He thaid to me thith mornin that he wath there then, and waded through!"

Brown's official majority for Governor of Georgia is 20,000.

The Little Insurgent, AN EPISODE OF THE WARS OF LA CHOUANNERIE.

Translated for "The Times" from the French.

BY E. M. ALLEN.

CHAPTER IV.

A BRACE OF PISTOL-SHOTS.

HENRIETTE remained for a long while on her knees. She followed with her eye, as long as she was able, the rapid course of Janet, who, brandishing in the distance his straw hat above his head, seemed to promise a speedy return. When she returned to the interior of the cell, an almost joyous smile lighted up her charming face. She placed on the brow of little Alain who had fallen asleep, a kiss full of maternal tenderness.

"Armand will see thee again," she said, "Oh! if thou art saved God may take my life."

Then, suddenly recollecting that she was not alone, she ran, smiling, toward the old Marquis in order to share her joy with him. The latter was still immovable; he had laid aside his prayer book, and was praying mentally, thinking, no doubt, that the enemy were very tardy in making their appearance.

"My uncle," gaily cried Henriette, pressing in her own white hands the wrinkled ones of the old man, "we shall be saved!"

"They should come in that direction," replied the Marquis, pointing to an angle of the *cachette*; "that is the weak point—did I not see a stone move?"

"No, my uncle. The demolishers are distant. I can no longer hear their blows, whose fatal echoes were crushing my spirit.—Listen! I have sent a message to M. de Thelouars. He is coming!"

The old man did not hear. He mistook the enthusiasm that burned in the features of his niece, and thought that she too was impatiently awaiting the end.—This idea was perhaps the only one which henceforth could powerfully move him. He looked on Henriette with eyes in which were depicted unbounded admiration.

"It is a noble blood, the blood of Carhoet!" he murmured, "your fathers were brave spirits, my niece, and you are their worthy daughter!"—Yes, he added mournfully, "you have before you long days, full of tenderness and joy, days of happiness, Madame, for you are a happy mother and a happy wife—and yet, when Death comes toward you, slow, cruel, inevitable, you wait him with a smile on your lips and happiness on your brow.—It is beautiful!"

"Why speak of Death?" Henriette tried to interrupt.

"Oh! it is beautiful! no false modesty! your soul shames mine—I am an old man; my sacrifice is a mockery. There are a few sad and solitary days, a few weeks perhaps, that I would devote to God and the King.—With you it is an entire life, a double life for your child will not survive you."

"Listen for pity's sake!" exclaimed Henriette; "your words torture me—My son! Oh! God will not let him die."

"I would that I were in your place, my daughter," resumed the old man; "how beautiful will be your death before man and before God."

"Death! always death! murmured Henriette, whose joy all fled before that mournful eloquence.—"If I could make him hear."—She eagerly bent over to the ear of the Marquis and cried with all her strength:

"He is coming! he is coming!"

The old man appeared to have heard the last word. "Hush!" he said mysteriously. "I believe as you do, Madame; they are coming—that way—it is in that direction I expect them.—But, by Heavens, they shall not find what they seek. Listen to me, you are worthy to comprehend me, and I am sure that at the supreme moment you will not fail. I can hear no longer; I can scarcely see; they might surprise us and that would be, Madame, a terrible misfortune!—When they come, when the door yields and the stones totter, make a sign, and then—"

The Marquis de Graives, whose enthusiasm seemed to increase, did not finish his sentence, but seized the *match*, and made a motion to approach the barrel.

Henriette half understood the meaning of this menacing pantomime; she threw herself upon the barrel, and recognized what the reader has divined long since, that the barrel was full of powder.

At this moment, as if all things had united to overwhelm her, the blows recommenced, nearer and more vigorous.—The poor woman uttered a heartrending cry; and, taking her child in her arms she sought refuge in the farthest corner of the *cachette*.

"I was deceived," murmured the old man, with a sadness mingled with pride; "I see that it is no trifling matter to look on death without trembling, and have not yet lived long enough to see a woman's heart equal the courage of an old soldier."

He coldly turned his eyes from Henriette to watch for the first indication of the

entrance of the Republicans.—"Armand! Armand! help!" cried Madame Thelouars whose mind was wandering.

The horse of Janet Legoff was fleet, and Heaven knows that he spurred as he ought. He had unfolded the billet and he knew how to read. No more doubt now. His young mistress was there, in peril of death.

"Armand! to the rescue!" said the poor woman, on the paper as with a living voice.

Janet went like the wind.

His horse, exhausted, fell dying, within three hundred yards of the manor of K—. Janet resumed his course without casting a single glance at his faithful companion, and reached the door in a few seconds. The leaders were assembled; his entrance was opposed, but who, at that time, could prevent Janet Legoff from performing his own will? He pushed aside the sentinels who were almost double his height, forced his passage by mere strength and fell like a bomb in the midst of the assembled council.

"Pardon me!" he said, wiping the drops of perspiration which glued his hair to his brow, and flowed down his rosy cheek; "I have found our young lady, and no time must be lost." "Where is she?" exclaimed M. de Thelouars. Some of the Royalists, and among them the two sons of the Marquis de Graives, began to murmur something about the public good and the interest of the party.

"Where is she?" repeated Armand; "gentlemen, you will not refuse me your aid!"

"We have a heavy task"—began the elder of the sons of M. de Graives, shaking his head.

Janet looked at him slyly.

"Where is she?" said he. She is in the chateau de Graives, which, while I am speaking, is being sacked by the *bleus*." The two Bellissants did not continue their objections. They were the first to rise, and a quarter of an hour after, all the little band were en route, the gentlemen on horses and the peasants on foot. Janet mounted on a fresh horse outstripped all the rest. He was armed to the teeth; his childish and regular features breathed the ardor of battles.

But there was to be no battle. What remains for us to relate is far different and more terrible than a battle.

The sight of a horseman riding off at full speed had given food for reflection to citizen Thomas, as well as to citizen Bertin. They returned to the manor in a very bad humor, ordered a few strokes of the pick, here and there, and afterwards stepped aside and held a sort of council.

"Citizen," said Thomas; "we have both come for the same object, I see; we want to get possession of the *Regent*."

"For the Republic!" interrupted Bertin with emphasis.

"Of course!" replied Thomas. "The diamond formerly of the crown, would only pass through our pure and incorruptible hands—but at the present moment the *Regent* is running from us."

"That is but too true," sighed Bertin.

"He who is carrying it off might bring the anti-revolutionary cohorts on our backs."

"I do not think that impossible."

"I am not afraid, citizen Bertin."

"I am without fear, citizen Thomas—but—"

"In fact—"

"The Republic has need of us."

"The Republic has a very great need of us!"

"I don't speak of flying—"

"I should meet such an overture with indignation."

"I know it; citizen Thomas,—I am persuaded of it more than you believe—I merely propose to sound the retreat."

"That of the ten thousand immortalised Themistocles," observed Thomas was not an ignoramus.

"I think you mean Xenophon," rectified Bertin.

"Themistocles or Xenophon, I don't care a fig which—you propose a retreat?"

"For want of better advice, citizen."

"I yield to your superior judgment," said citizen Thomas with a very serious air.

And the defenders of the country returned as they came with empty hands and naked feet. In order not to abuse truth, we will confess, that the incorruptible pockets of citizen Thomas, and also those of citizen Bertin became the asylum of a multitude of precious little objects, with which the Republic never profited.

So that when M. de Thelouars and his companions arrived before the chateau de Graives, the *bleus* were on their way to Vannes and Redon for more than an hour.

The two sons of the Marquis did not hesitate an instant, from the indications of Janet Legoff, they knew where they would find Madame de Thelouars, and the Marquis was, without doubt, with her.

They immediately attacked the first of the three doors, that led to the *cachette*.

The noise of crow-bars came again to awaken agony in the material heart of Henriette de Thelouars. For more than an hour she had heard nothing, and her fears were quieted; she began to hope.—But this crashing sound which echoed in another direction announced new efforts.

The first door was the most feeble; it was rapidly broken. When the iron bars attacked the second, the soul of Henriette was tortured. Death approached; death for her child. She raised her frightened eyes on M. de Graives. The old man was impassable; he heard nothing as yet. The second door resisted longer than the first, but it yielded at last; a confused noise of voices and steps were heard, and a violent blow of the iron lever shattered the thick oak of the interior door of the cell.

Henriette fell heavily on her knees and covered her son with her clasped hands. The Marquis de Graives, on the contrary, arose to his extreme height and threw on the door an astonished look.

"I did not expect them on that side," he murmured; "what matters it?"

With his finger he stirred the powder in the barrel and took the match in his hand.

"Henriette! Henriette!" cried at this moment the voice of M. de Thelouars, from without.

The young woman half arose. Her eye burned. Her bosom heaved. A delirious joy which we will not attempt to describe invaded her heart.

"It is he! my God! it is he!" she uttered dragging herself toward the door.

The voice of M. de Graives replied, grave, monotonous, resigned, it said:

"De profundis clamavi ad te Domine. Domine exaudivocem meam!"

At the same time he carried the match toward the lamp.

"Armand!" gurgled Henriette who could scarcely speak; "quick! quick! he is going to kill us!"

But the door, a robust barrier, still resisted, and the Marquis de Graives intended to die at the right time, a view of the enemy was necessary to him to sanction the last act of his life. It was not a suicide that he wished to commit, heroic souls like his knew not how to substitute their own hand for the hand of God, to hasten a cruel death. They await, because they are strong to suffer as well as to dare. If he wished to die, it was as a Christian and a soldier; if he did not leave the care of his death to Republican bullets, it was because he believed it to be his duty, in dying, to destroy the deposit which he could no longer defend.

Therefore he did not hasten, and holding the match suspended above the lamp, he continued his funeral prayer:

"Fiant aures tue intendentes in vocem deprecationis mee."

"Armand! Armand!" cried poor Henriette.

The blows redoubled, and M. de Thelouars answered:

"I am here! one minute more and I will be with you!" One minute! Henriette felt her brain reel. At one time she prayed to God, at another she dragged herself to the feet of the old man, who did not hear her and would not see her.

A last stroke of the bar sent in a fragment of the door. M. de Graives placed the match in the flame saying:

"Almighty God, receive our souls!"

But, just as the match was inflaming, a flash illumined the cell; the report of a pistol was heard in the direction of the loop-hole, and the lamp, shattered, flew into fragments.

"There's time enough!" said at the same moment the joyous voice of Janet.

"The *De profundis* is out of season."

No one within the *cachette* heard him, for Henriette yielding at last to the poignant emotions which had weighed her down for the last twelve hours, lay upon the ground deprived of all consciousness.

Janet Legoff, in the meantime, made every effort to see what was passing in the interior of the cell, where no longer reigned but a sombre twilight. We would like very well to tell the reader that he happened to be there through the effect of a profound calculation, but why alter the truth? Janet was a child. Impatient of seeing the labor of his companions drag along so slowly, he wished the first of all, to carry a signal of safety to his young mistress. Now, he was nimble and daring; from branch to branch, he reached the loop-hole, into the opening of which he crowded himself.

He arrived at the moment when the old man was commencing the third verse of his mortuary hymn, and at a glance, divined all. To take one of his pistols and aim at the lamp was the affair of a second. The result proved that he had aimed well.

When the lamp was extinguished, Janet saw nothing at first, and he became alarmed.

"Make haste!" he cried as if his companions had been able to hear him "who knows what idea may come into the old gentleman's head, now."

In fact on seeing his lamp extinguished, the Marquis de Graives was seized with a violent fury. He hurried, as much as his old legs would allow him, to the cavity, where a short time before he had drawn out the barrel of powder, and took a pistol from it, which he instinctively directed toward the loop-hole.

But he quickly changed his mind. "I have only one!" he thought; "with what shall I set fire to the barrel if I lose this charge?"

He returned to the table, resolved to finish his work,—which he would, un-

doubtedly have done, if Janet, whose eyes having become habituated to the obscurity had not broken his weapon in his hand with a second shot of the pistol.

"Well Aimed!" exclaimed the lad uttering a long cry of joy.

M. de Graives responded by a groan of profound despair. He dropped on his seat, and remained plunged in the most complete dejection.

Happily he did not rest in this condition long.

A few seconds after the Royalists burst in the door, and Madame de Thelouars was in the arms of her husband, thanking God, raising with transport her rescued child to the lips of Armand, and asking herself if twelve hours of agony were not well paid for, by this moment of inexpressible joy.

As for the Marquis de Graives, he did not immediately lose his ill-humor, and gave his sons, who deprived him of his martyrdom, a rather cold reception.—However, when they had given him his hearing-trumpet, and explained to him how Janet Legoff had prevented him from accomplishing his melancholy design, he cast a look full of tenderness toward one corner of the grand saloon of the chateau, where M. de Thelouars was holding his wife pressed against his heart.

"It would have been too bad!" he murmured, "and, after all the deposit is saved—Bring the young rogue here!"

Janet came, with a flushed face and his straw hat in his hand.

"You are very fond of your mistress?" said M. de Graives in a severe tone.

"I am, indeed, Monsieur le Marquis."

"And suppose I had been, by chance, between your pistol and the lamp?"

"Indeed! Monsieur le Marquis—"

"What would you have done?"

"I think I would have cried Stand Aside!"

"I am deaf, I would not have heard you."

"That is rue," murmured Janet.

"Well, what would you have done?" again demanded M. de Graives.

"Indeed! Monsieur le Marquis, the poor young lady lay there, on the ground, and the little fellow was crying."

"What would you have done?"

Janet suddenly raised his eyes, and said with a low but firm voice:

"With due respect to you, Monsieur le Marquis, I believe I would have killed you."

The good people of Cournon tell, on long winter evenings, that the old nobleman smiled, and that he made a gift to the Little Insurgent, of a beautiful brace of pistols.

This was the first exploit of Janet Legoff. Later, he did more. His name, which became celebrated on the moors of Ille-et-Vilaine and in the forests of Rieux, will, probably, come again under our pen, for there are many terrible and romantic dramas in the warrior life of the Little Insurgent, such as are related by the good people of the parish of Cournon while racking their chesnuts in the ashes.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.

BY H. S. D.

There are Poets to hymn the victorious—
The favored of fortune and fame;
And many to sing of the glorious,
Who have battled in liberty's name.
There are Poets to sing of the beautiful,
Of the good, and the true, and the brave;
To chant the great deeds of the dutiful,
Whose courage bath won them a grave!

Let them sing! A different theme is mine,
Too lofty for me are those themes divine,
And indifferent verse, like indifferent wine,
Would quickly bring satiety;
But the wine that's good, though it be not
"Port,"

Is sweeter than poor of a richer sort,
Hence a humbler Muse than theirs I court:
Just the least playful and fond of sport,
At times, for the sake of variety.

You have always heard—dispute it who can—
That "it's always the mind that makes the man."

A very just standard of measure!
For the man of wealth, who has golden
"rocks,"

Or the shaver who deals in fancy stocks,
Or the broker who buys his door, and locks
His heart against all humanity's knocks,
Has little more than the stupidest ox,
That roves the fields at pleasure!

The world is full of complaints and wrongs,
And patent medicinal cure-alls, and throngs
Of sham reformers, whose dolorous songs
Were enough to discourage "Old Nick"—
olas.

There are follies of fashion and follies of pride,
Nonsensical notions a thousand beside,
And bigoted leaders the foolish to guide,
And hair-brained fanatics their hobbies astride,
And conservative dolts to their old customs tied.

In a manner the most ridiculous,
There's a "fast young man" on the lightning
track,
Be-tailored, cigarred—sure he shows no lack
Of ought save sense, but he has such a knack
That he'll surely succeed in "going to rack,"
Or somewhere in that vicinity.

Here's a slow D.D., all stiffness and starch,
And progress he deems the precursor of evil,
And so all progression he leaves to the devil;
Strange Doctor is he of Divinity!

There is dandy B—, the pet of the girls;
So very genteel, and so proud of his curls,
So proud of his teeth—those lily-white pearls,
And proud of the gold-headed cane that he
twirls.

The delight of all beholders!
He lightly fingers his colored moustache,
And lightly fingers his neighbors' cash—
'Tis said: who knows? One should n't be
rash,
Nor wield without cause the satirical lash,
And never on innocent shoulders!

And the ladies—dear souls! Ah, me how ex-
pensive
They are getting to be, since they have grown
so extensive!
It were almost enough to make a man pensive,
And sigh for a home in the woods,
Where never is heard a silken rustle
Save that of the leaves; where every muscle
Toils not for dress; and where every bustle
Is of business, and not of dry goods!

But with all their wonderful expansion of
dress,
And extravagant notions, we love them not
less;
And daily and hourly their presence we bless,
And at all times ever court their society;
And however much some persons may doubt
them,
And much as we can say against, or about
them,
O, how should we live in this world without
them?

The thought of it brings sobriety!
O when will the world, from folly and pride
Be redeemed—when be freed from the Tyrants
that ride
In their chariots of Fashion and Sin,—when
allied
To simplicity, Temperance—stand by the side
Of Truthfulness, Justice, and Pence?

O when will the evils that follow us here,
Be banished from earth, no more to appear?
To torment us no more with their killing fear?
Whensoever we will it! Ourselves have brought
them near,
And we may bid them cease.

But enough of this, the world is wide;
There is room for all, and a host beside—
It is better to look on the sunnier side
Of fallen erring humanity:
It is better to think of the good and the true,
To cling to the right, and the truth pursue;
To avoid the ill and never get "blue"
Over the world's insanity!
Greensboro, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Literature of the Day.

BY INVALID.

Time was when general literature was perused for the combined purpose of instruction and entertainment. But those days have passed away, and our people are daily inundated with trifling and flippant trash. Time was, when books were fewer than they were better. Time was, when young persons occupied much of their leisure time in the perusal of history, geography, travels, volumes on science, elevating poetry, or such fictions as, being imaginative in their nature, were still true to the impulses of the human heart—many of them like the magical productions of the "Wizard of the North," having for their main features the verities of history. But all that has now clearly gone by, and instead, the prospects of adolescence, as seen in a dazzling future, are filled with visionary schemes and hopes that can never be realized, for they are planted in the gay gardens of romance, and never bear fruit in a world of stern vitality. Still worse—in hundred of modern tales, high-waymen, rogues and unscrupulous adventures, are the heroes of false narrations, and their exploits are so vividly colored that they deprave the youthful soul, excuse vice, or so gild it as to provoke desires that are evil, and emulate, if they do not excite, envy and admiration. Books of this character should be especially avoided, for they are direction posts on the road to ruin, and such readings as fertilize the understanding, and elevate and refine the fancy, should alone be indulged. By studying the works of sound and sterling authors we become indoctrinated with the mental strength of their spirits, and experience wonderful improvement from their irresistible influence. Every editor and every public speaker knows the importance of filling the memory with useful and agreeable information. By so doing, the individual amasses an intellectual treasury so rich and increasing in its contents that it soon becomes almost inexhaustible. When he wishes to illustrate any particular subject, he can draw freely, even in the most sudden emergencies, upon his bank of intelligence, and the instances he quotes and the ideas he circulates will ever be regarded as a valuable currency among his acquaintances. A well readman is a world's chronicle. He applies the experience of the past to the requirements of the present, and correctly infers the probabilities of the coming time. Besides, by reading good writings which embrace pure and unexceptionable subjects, we unconsciously both think and speak in nervous and elegant language. We subdue and control all startling eccentricities of expression, and learn to ponder and examine a question before hazarding an opinion. In a few moments, as it were, such is the talismanic power of memory, we rapidly recall and review much that we have read upon the topic before us, and are thus enabled to speak rather authoritatively and ex cathedra. Not only is a well read man esteemed for his knowledge by the circle in which he moves, but however modest and unassuming he may be by nature, he cannot avoid a pleasing conviction of superiority in the arts, in literature, in philosophy, and much other wisdom that exalts the human soul. Away, then, with books that enfeeble the understanding and let us endeavor as much as possible to

become familiar only with such writings as are profound in wisdom, elegant in diction, brilliant with the coruscations of sparkling wit, or sublime with inspiring poetry.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the main book.

TERMS—\$2.00 a year in advance.

No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

To Newspaper Dealers.

The Publishers of THE TIMES will make very liberal terms with Newspaper Dealers throughout the South for supplying them with copies of THE TIMES for 1860. Dealers are respectfully solicited to send us their names, and in return we will send circulars and terms.

"Mr. W. R. HUNTER, of South Carolina, who about a year ago gave such great delight to the Sabbath School scholars of our borough with his pleasing lectures, is again among us, and is again greeted with gatherings that betoken a hearty welcome on the part of the little ones."

By the above extract from the Allentown (Pa.) Democrat of the 26th ult., it will be seen "The Children's Friend" is, as usual, busily engaged in behalf of the children wherever he goes.

We take pleasure in announcing that on his return South he has consented, (at the urgent request of some of the friends of the Sunday School cause in our State) to labor among us for a few months, and for the information of others who may desire to bespeak his services in behalf of Sabbath Schools or Temperance, we will state that his post office address, for the present, is Norristown, Pa.

TRUTHFULLY SPOKEN.—Give North Carolina merchants (says the correspondent of the Newbern Progress) the trade of the State, and they can afford to sell on much better terms than at present. Give our sea ports the shipping of all our produce, and northern exchange will be less than ever before with us. Let the western people send to the east fruits, vegetables, stock, hay, flour, &c., and those of the east send back fish, oysters, West India fruits, groceries of all kinds, shingles, fertilizers, &c.,—trade with and through each other as we should—and a very different state of things will soon be seen and felt by us.

NEWBERN FAIR.—Persons attending the Fair at Newbern on the 8th, 9th and 10th of this month, can pass over the North Carolina, Wilmington & Weldon and the Atlantic & North Carolina railroads and return for one fare. All articles and stock intended for exhibition at the Fair will be transported over the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad free of charge.

TEXAS COTTON.—We yesterday received, says an exchange, from Brazoria county, Texas, a specimen of cotton so superior in fibre and silkiness that it sells in Galveston at twenty cents, and in New York at twenty-four cents.—Texas certainly can boast with justice of its "cotton doings."

RANDOLPH MACON COLLEGE.—We are gratified to be informed that the present fall session of this institution opened with a largely increased number of students. There are already one hundred and thirty-seven matriculates in the College proper, the largest number which has attended the institution at any one time since its inauguration.

COLUMBIA FEMALE COLLEGE.—A private letter to Rev. J. W. Kelly, states that the Columbia Female College opened most auspiciously—that by the third day after the opening one hundred and seven students had matriculated.

Trial of the Harper's Ferry Conspirators.

The preliminary examination of Brown and confederates commenced at Charles town, Va., 25th October. The Grand Jury found indictments which read—First: Conspiring with negroes to create insurrection; second: Treason against the Commonwealth of Virginia; third: Murder. The indictments were read to the prisoners, and they plead not guilty. The prosecuting attorney elected to try Brown on the part of the State. Brown made a speech and asked for the delay of a few days, when he would be better able to attend the trial. He said he had counsel on the way from the North. A telegraphic dispatch from Boston says a proposition is before the abolitionists of Worcester, to raise money, by contribution, for the purpose of obtaining counsel for Brown. Rev. T. W. Higginson acts as treasurer.

On the 29th, Capt. Cooke arrived at Charlestown, having been arrested at Chambersburg, Pa., and surrendered by Gov. Packer, on the demand of Gov. Wise. Gov. Willard of Indiana, the Attorney General of Indiana, and others of the same State have also arrived at Charlestown. It is stated that Governor Willard is a brother-in-law of Cook.

Additional counsels for Brown have arrived from Boston. The trial is progressing.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.—The express train of the North Carolina Railroad going North runs under a new schedule from Wednesday morning last, leaving Charlotte about 11 o'clock, P. M., and Greensboro about a quarter before 3, A. M. The change is made to gain between two and three hours on the great Northern and Southern route.

THE LONDON TIMES ON GEN. SCOTT'S MISSION.—The London Times, commenting on the mission of Gen. Scott to San Juan, says:

Mr. Buchanan, we are glad to say, has given a satisfactory assurance that the question has and will be temperately considered at Washington by the election of Gen. Winfield Scott for a mission, the duties of which require great calmness, temper and discretion. Gen. Scott has long held the office of Commander in Chief of the American Army. At the time when sympathizers from the United States invaded Canada, and otherwise aided and assisted the Canadian rebels, Gen. Scott endeavored to enforce with all the means in his power the neutrality of his country.—He is a man of tried honesty and of high honor, and his selection we regard as a measure not only creditable to the President, but likely to bring to a satisfactory termination a dispute which has already been too long and too angrily agitated.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The regular monthly meeting will be held Friday night in the Temperance Hall. There will be one or more addresses, and the public are invited to be present.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Peterson's Bank Note Reporter for November 1st, says:

There appears to be a decided increase in the amount of money offering for short time investments, and the tight times that were generally predicted to come along in October have not yet appeared. There are no signs of the fulfillment of those predictions during the remainder of the year, but it is not an easy thing to say anything confidently of the future condition of such a sensitive institution as the money market. One cause of the continued ease in money is probably to be found in the absence of the large schemes for absorbing capital which are always projected after and during seasons of commercial activity and success. We hear of few railroads or mining projects, or great mills or manufactories. The banks are cautious and not disposed to be caught napping, and the outside capitalists exhibit a decided objection to long dated and single name paper. They are but too quick to suspect mere financing operations on the part of the makers of such bills, and take them as signs of weakness.

PRYOR ELECTED.—At the election held in the Petersburg, Va., district on Thursday to fill the vacancy in Congress occasioned by the death of Hon. W. O. Goode, Roger A. Pryor, Esq., was elected. He was opposed by Col. Thos. F. Goode, brother of the former representative.

East Alabama Male College.

E. J. Hamill, agent, writes to the Southern Christian Advocate of the progress and successful opening of this Institution:

I hasten to give you, as a chronicler of current events, an account of the inauguration of, what promises to be one of the grandest agencies for good in the Methodist Church in America—the East Alabama Male College in Auburn.

In August 1857 the corner-stone of this great temple of science was laid, and soul stirring addresses, worthy of the occasion, were delivered to an immense multitude, by Bishop Pierce, and Dr. Summers—hence on, slowly, but steadily and grandly, arose this vast edifice, framed after the pattern designed by one of the first architects of the nation. Nearly three years was it in building, unfolding at every stage of its progress, new beauties, until now that it is completed, it stands scarcely rivalled for grandeur and beauty, in the United States.

Simultaneous with the progress of the building, was the increase of funds for the work which, by the aid liberally extended, from all points of the Conference, by the friends of Christian Education, grew from fifty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Interest in its success daily widens and deepens; and doubts of its future amplest endowment are now no more forever—peace to their ashes.

The set time for the opening of the College arrived, the worthy President, Dr. Sannett, and Professors Darby, Dunklin, Glenn, and Slaton, were at their post, ready to begin operations. We had looked for a fair opening, but the number applying exceeded all expectations. Sixty-eight young men have been admitted into the several College classes, and about an equal number were received into the Preparatory Department. The Trustees, Faculty, and citizens of Auburn were surprised at this unexpected measure of success.

Probably, never before in the history of Colleges did a new Institution begin its grand work so successfully. New applicants are coming daily; and from the signs of the times, it is believed the number will approximate one hundred, during the present fall term. Indeed, we hope for two hundred, including the Preparatory Department. All the four classes are here represented; so that Students from abroad, applying for admission into the higher classes, will find those classes regularly organized. It is evident the Faculty will not eat in idle bread.

Ample boarding facilities are provided. The public spirit of Auburn will do every thing requisite to its highest prosperity. The Faculty are determined to labor to make this Institution second to none in America; and the Trustees will heartily support them in this laudable ambition. For the success of this enterprise we thank God. We feel assured that the hand of the Lord alone could have brought this great project through the difficulties which environed its infancy out into its present high position of usefulness, and brightening prospects. While we mockly rejoice, with those who gave their means and their prayers to this good work, in its abundant success; we feel the need of continual earnest prayer, for continuous prosperity from God. If God be for us who shall be against us.

BAPTIST GENERAL ASSOCIATION—THE GRAVES AND HOWELL DIFFICULTY.—The Knoxville Whig of the 11th, says the General Association of the Baptist Church for East Tennessee has been in session in our city for several days. Rev. Mr. Hillsman was chosen Moderator, and Dr. Smith was elected Clerk.

John L. Moses, Esq., offered a resolution on Friday, the first day of the Session, to the effect that members and ministers in good standing, in regular Baptist Churches be invited to take seats, and it carried with but about one dissenting voice. Dr. Howell, of Nashville, being present, took his seat and thanked the association, in some appropriate remarks for the courtesy they had extended to him with others in the adoption of said resolution.

The next morning, the Graves party sprung the question again, and offered a resolution, the effect of which was to exclude Dr. Howell. The day was wellnigh consumed in the discussion of this resolution and in offering substitutes, amendments &c., and finally, about 4 o'clock in the evening, a motion was carried to lay all resolutions on that subject on the table. Another motion was at once made to proceed with the regular business of the Association. Upon this rising vote was had and the motion was carried by a vote of 25 to 19. This we witnessed and regarded it as a test vote, which terminated in favor of Dr. Howell, as we take it. True, the vote by no means indicates the strength of the body, because many were absent on account of the exciting question and did not wish to participate.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Gov. Ellis has issued his proclamation, setting apart Thursday, the 24th inst., as a day of thanksgiving in this State.

CURED BY WISTAR'S BALSAM.

Read the following from the Kinderhook (N. Y.) Sentinel, dated July 31:
"A remarkable cure of Consumption has recently been effected by this medicine, in the town of Chatham, in this county, and which was related to us by Dr. Herrick, an eminent physician of that town, to whom we have permission to refer. A young lady who had long labored under an affection of the lungs, was considered by her friends as beyond the reach of medicine, and she was informed by her medical attendant that she must die. She was induced to send for a bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, as a last resort. The young lady experienced great relief, and two more bottles were successively procured and administered. She is now happy in the restoration of health."

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES,
January 1st.—ly.

LOOK AT THIS.

W. C. DONNELL, having purchased the Photographic Gallery, formerly owned by R. L. Donnell, is taking pictures at

Fifty Cents

and upwards!! Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the Public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please he makes NO CHARGE.

Room second story Garrett's Brick Building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. Greensboro, 1859. 28-ly.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro. Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of Aug. 20—ly. GEORGE M. ADAMS.

FAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection. J. W. DOAK, Surv. Partner. Aug. 8th 1859. 32-ly.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

GUILFORD COUNTY, Fall Division, 1859.

Dist.	Am't.	Dist.	Am't.	Dist.	Am't.	Dist.	Am't.
No. 1	\$89.75	No. 28	\$111.60	No. 55	\$95.79		
2	65.10	29	79.05	56	77.19		
3	86.49	30	115.32	57	105.09		
4	76.26	31	81.84	58	64.17		
5	110.67	32	82.77	59	92.07		
6	71.61	33	111.60	60	61.88		
7	91.14	34	132.06	61	47.43		
8	68.03	35	69.45	62	75.33		
9	77.19	36	148.80	63	63.24		
10	85.56	37	100.44	64	52.08		
11	65.10	38	159.96	65	48.26		
12	53.01	39	44.64	66	57.66		
13	51.15	40	58.50	67	61.38		
14	61.38	41	47.43	68	62.31		
15	46.50	42	111.60	69	27.90		
16	45.57	43	86.49	70	37.20		
17	51.15	44	51.15	71	101.37		
18	67.89	45	71.61	72	64.17		
19	40.92	46	71.61	73	81.84		
20	39.59	47	51.15	74	62.31		
21	69.75	48	99.51	75	76.26		
22	59.52	49	44.64	76	48.36		
23	120.90	50	138.57	77	48.36		
24	83.70	51	39.99	78	105.09		
25	72.54	52	95.79	79	36.27		
26	68.82	53	65.10				
27	91.86	54	99.51				

In my absence from Greensboro Mr. Jesse H. Lindsay will attend to my business. On Saturdays I will be there myself.

NATHAN HATT, Chairman.

Oct. 15, 1859. 42-4w

BELTS!! BELTS!!!

I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER

Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2 1/2	"	"	15	"	"	"
3	"	"	17	"	"	"
4	"	"	22	"	"	"
5	"	"	27	"	"	"
6	"	"	32	"	"	"
7	"	"	38	"	"	"
8	"	"	42	"	"	"
10	"	"	60	"	"	"
12	"	"	72	"	"	"

J. R. F. ROONE

J. B. F. BOONE.

GREAT ATTRACTION.

A new cheap store in Greensboro. J. F. Jollee has taken the Store formerly occupied by Winbourn & Witty, where he is now receiving a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. He will still continue to keep his usual variety of Clothing and Gentleman's furnishing Goods.—Thankful for the Favors he received whilst he was in the Clothing Business, he hopes by punctuality and industry to merit a continuance of the same. J. F. JOLLEE, October, 11. 41-3m.

BROGANS! BROGANS!!

Best Double Sole Brogans	\$1.50
Good " "	1.25
Good single " "	1.00

For sale at BOONE'S, October, 11. 41-

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Oct. 24

Reported expressly for the Times

By Cole & Amis.

Rice 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25; Butter 20@25; Coffee 12@15; Candles, Tallow 20; Eggs 10@12; Flour 40@45; Hides 5@6; Lard 12@15; M. 10@12; Meal 6@10; Oats 35; Pork 8@10; Potatoes 10@12; Sugar 10@12; Salt 2@3; Soap 10@12; Tallow 12@15; Wheat 80@90. Wool 25@30.

Review of the Norfolk Market.

October 27

Corn—Old crop is very scarce and much wanted. There have been no receipts for several days past, when sales were made at 95 cts. per bushel. There is an urgent demand for prime White for milling and a limited quantity would do well to sell for more. Samples of New are here offered for delivery within the week. The quality and condition appear good and dry. Opening prices will be high, but with larger receipts, a decline must follow soon.

WHEAT—Receipts are limited, but it remains steady. We quote Red \$1.05 to 1.15, White \$1.10 to 1.20. Prime and choice parcels bring more, inferior less, according to quality and condition.

Flour—Receipts from all points show less than last week; and under favorable news more confidence is imparted to it. Some holders claim an advance which is not generally submitted to. At previous prices some sales have been made for foreign shipment.—We quote Superfine \$5.25 to 5.50, Extra \$5.00 to 5.25 cash, mostly held now at latter rate. Baker's brands of choice flour sell higher.

CORRIS—Is firmer since the arrival of steamer, showing a small advance. The market is more active and sales at 10 1/2 cts. Receipts are quite fair, with a corresponding demand.

DRY FRUIT—Prime bright Apples sell quite readily at \$1.40 to 1.45. Peaches remain very full and we nominally retain our quotations of last week though sales are made with difficulty; prime bright peeled \$3.50, black and mixed \$3.00, and unpeeled remain unsaleable at \$1.75.

B. E. PEAS—Receipts continue good and the demand is again a little better. Sales from store of 2 bushel bags in shipping order at \$2.55 to 2.60; in bulk at \$1.20 to 1.22.

STAVES—Continue in demand at \$31 to 35 for prime R. O. Receipts are fair.

SUNDRIES—Flaxseed \$1.25 to 1.30 per bushel of 56 lbs. Beeswax 30 to 32 cts. Apple Brandy very dull. New Potatoes \$1.25. Cargo sales Sweet Potatoes 30 to 35 cts., latter price now demanded. Sugars are firmer at an advance.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-ly.

CALEB G. DUNN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly.

J. W. EVANS, NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE

and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI

Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 11-ly

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 63-ly.

JAMES S. PATTERSON, PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.

Country orders carefully attended to. Feb. 1859. 6-ly

MARBLE WORKS

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THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY.

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THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
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BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
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SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
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IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,

HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,

WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE

WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,

WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,

MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,

AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,

THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
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TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Few of the great and costly Merchants should keep a stock of this valuable remedy, not only from the profits it will bring, but also because it will be made to the satisfaction of all Druggists and Physicians.

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PORTER & CORRELL.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday-School! the Sunday School!
Blest be the wondrous plan!
So strong its power, so fraught with love,
Descending down to man!
The Bible and the Sunday-School
Our bulwark firm shall be,
To guard our rights, maintain our laws,
Preserve our liberty.

The blessed Bible! we'll maintain
Our charter and our shield—
Its precepts and its promises
Unfetter'd away shall wield:
With freeborn minds, and bounding hearts,
We prize its sacred truth,
For comfort in declining years—
Our guide in early youth.

O holy book! O happy day!
May unborn millions stand,
Surrounded by these bulwarks strong,
Throughout this happy land;
Nor tyrant's rod, nor despot's power
Deprive us of our right
To serve our country and our God
In freedom's blessed light.

And when we stand on Zion's heights
In yon bright world above,
Where golden harps are sounding forth
The Saviour's dying love—
The Bible and the Sunday-School
Our anthem still shall be
For they have led our wandering feet
O Lord, to heaven and Thee!

THE OLD HERB WOMAN.

Alice found her one day resting
under the cooling shade of a tree outside
the garden gate.

"Do you want something?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child," she answered,

"I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon fade," answered

the poor herb woman. "A black

woolen?" asked Alice. "That will

too soon wear out," answered she.

"A silk?" asked Alice. "I have

nothing fit to wear with it," answered

the herb woman, and Alice thought

as much. "A plaid, a beautiful plaid?"

asked the child. "That will too soon

go out of fashion," answered the herb

woman. "Do you care much about

the fashion?" asked Alice. "I want

the dress to last me a thousand years

or more," said the old woman.

"Oh," exclaimed Alice, drawing

back, for she half thought the poor

woman crazy, "do you expect to live

so long? A thousand years is a

great while, and you are pretty old

now."

"I shall live longer than that," said

she.

"I will ask my mother," said the

little girl, much puzzled, "if she

knows what dress would suit you, and

perhaps she'll buy it for you."

"Your mother is not rich enough

to buy it, dear child," said the old

woman.

"My father is rich," said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the

dress I want," answered the old

woman.

"Do you want to dress like a queen?"

asked Alice.

"No; but I want to be dressed

like a king's daughter."

"The old herb woman is crazy,"

thought Alice to herself, "she talks

so queer. "I don't know where

you will get such a dress," said she

aloud, "something that will never

fade, never wear out, never go out of

fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled,"

added the old herb woman; "wear it

when and where you may, it will

always keep white and shining."

"Oh," was all Alice could say.—

Then she added, "I should like such

a one, I am sure. Could a little girl

have one? But a little girl would

tougrow hers."

"No," said the herb woman, "the

dress would let itself out so as to suit

you always."

The child was lost in wonder. "Will

you please tell me what it is, and

where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the

robe of righteousness, which Jesus

Christ has wrought out for you and

me, dear child," said the old woman

tenderly. "Christ came to take

away the poor rags of our sins, and to
put on us his pure white robes, and
make us fit to be children of God, the
great King, and live in his palace
forever. Shold you not like to, dear
child?"

"Yes," answered the child, "I do
want to be one of God's children. I
always wanted to. Will he give me
a heavenly dress, do you think?"—
Child's Paper.

A LITTLE DELAY FATAL.

It is well known that Julius Caesar
might have escaped assassination in
the Senate Chamber, if he had read
deliberately a letter put into his hand
by one informed of the conspiracy.
The same fact is true of one or two of
the French monarchs who perished by
the assassin's knife. But the delay
of a few hours to open these letters
rendered escape impossible. We have
never seen the following incident be-
fore, but it is vouched for by Dr. Mc-
Chesney, of Trenton, a reliable au-
thority:

The success of Washington, at Tren-
ton has been generally considered as
the turning point in the war of in-
dependence. Yet few know how slight
the event on which it turned. On the
Christmas eve, when Washington crossed
the Delaware, Colonel Rahl, the
commander of the Hessians, sat in a
private room near Trenton, engaged
in drinking and playing cards. A
tory who had discovered the move-
ments of the American troops, sent a
note by an especial messenger to the
Colonel with orders to deliver it into
his own hands. The messenger found
the way to the house, and a negro
opened the door, but refused him ad-
mittance, took the letter and delivered
it to the Colonel who was just shuffling
for a new game. Supposing the let-
ter to be unimportant or not stopping
to think at all, he went on with his
play. The reading of the letter would
have thwarted the design of Washing-
ton. But the love of play conquered
the Colonel's prudence and gave suc-
cess to a worthier cause, involving the
loss of his life and army, and ultimate-
ly the freedom of the Colonies.

Little did the Colonel think, when
he was shuffling the cards, that he
was losing the greatest game that
ever was played among the nations of
the world.

I'LL DO IT WELL.

There lives in New England a gen-
tleman who gave the following interest-
ing account of his own life. He was
an apprentice in a tin manufactory.
When twenty-one years old he had
lost his health, so that he was entirely
unable to work at his trade. Wholly
destitute of means, he was thrown out
upon the world, to seek any employ-
ment for which he had strength.

He said he went to find employment
with the determination that whatever
he did, he would do it well. The first
and only thing he found that he could
do was to black boots and scour knives
in a hotel. This he did, and did it
well, as gentlemen now living would
testify. Though the business was low
and servile, he did not lay aside his
self-respect, or allow himself to be
made mean by his business.—
The respect and confidence of his em-
ployers were soon secured, and he was
advanced to a more lucrative and less
laborious position.

At length his health was restored,
and he returned to his legitimate busi-
ness, which he now carries on exten-
sively. He has accumulated an ample
fortune, and is training an interesting
family by giving them the best advan-
tages for moral and mental cultivation.
He now holds an elevated place in the
community where he lives.

Young men who may chance to read
the above statement of facts, should
mark the secret of success. The man's
whole character, of whom I have
spoken, was formed and directed by
the determination to do whatever he
did, well.

We are never nearer to God than
when we are lowest in our own estima-
tion; and never more pleasing to him
than when we abhor ourselves, and re-
pent in dust and ashes.

The census recently taken of Philadel-
phia, for one of the city Directories, shows
a population of six hundred and eighty
thousand. This shows an increase of two
hundred and seventy-one thousand two
hundred and thirty-eight since 1850.

CREAM PIES.—One quart of milk boiled,
one egg, and two great spoonfuls of flour,
braided together, and pour in sugar and
lemon: bake the under crust alone, then
put in the mixture.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest
flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make
the best Fire.

REBUS.—By Marcus.—Entire I am
part of a tree and also part of the animal
body; take away my last letter and I am
what many children dislike to do; now
take away my first and my last and I am
an organ of the body
Answer next week.

I Wud Knott Dye in Wintur.

BY THE ORTHER OF "THORTS ON A
FADID BOKA."

I wud not dye in wintur,
When whiske punchiz flo—
When pooty gals air skating
O'er fealds ov ice & sno—
When sassidge meet is phrying
& Hickrei knuts is thick!
Owe! who kud think ov ever dighing,
Or even getting sick?

I wud knott dye in spring time,
& miss the turn up greens,
& the pooty song ov the loetle fawgs,
& the ski larks arly screems:
When birds begin thare wobbling,
& taters 'gin to sprout—
When turkies go a gobblering,
I wud knott then peg out.

I wud knott dye in summur,
& leave the gardin sass—
The roasted lam and butter milk—
The kool place in the grass;
I wud knott dye in summur
When ev'ry thing's so hot,
& leave the whiske Jew lips—
Owe kno! ide ruther knott.

I wud knott dye in ortum,
With peeches fit fur eatin',
When the wavy korn is gittin' wripe,
& kandidates are trestin'.
Phor these and uther wreasons,
Ide knott dye in the phall;
& sense ive thort it over,
I wud knott dye a tall.

A cat and two dogs were to hold a con-
vention, and upon the cat taking the chair,
remarked that the majority of the mem-
bers were composed of wags. Whereupon
the canine members dissented, and re-
plied that there was no clause in the
constitution to warrant any such remark,
and the convention was accordingly ad-
journd.

A smart young lady, the other evening,
astonished the company by asking for the
"loan of a diminutive, argentine, trunca-
ted cone, convex on its summit, and semi-
perforated with symmetrical indentations."
She wanted a thimble.

An Irishman traveling along one day,
picked up a feather in the road and put it
in his pocket; when night came, having
no place to sleep but in a quarry, he care-
fully placed the feather under him and
laid down to rest his wearied limbs. In
the morning he arose, and eyeing his
bed, exclaimed: "Begorra, if one feather
is that hard, what would a whole bedfull
be?"

The following dialogue is reported be-
tween two boys:

"What do you think; my father, the
other day shot nine hundred and ninety-
nine pigeons with only one barrel of his
gun."

"Oh! my Gosh! why didn't he say a
thousand at once?"

(Reply reprovingly,) "Do you suppose
my father would tell a lie just for the sake
of one pigeon?"

PRETTY GOOD.—The Janesville Times
says several young gents went to the resi-
dence of a young damsel a few evenings
since to give her a serenade, and after
tooting for some time, the door opened
and a male servant stepped out, who walk-
ing up to the harpist, and laying his hand
on his shoulder, exclaimed: "My friend,
the folks are all abed—you can't get a
cent here to-night!" Phancy the phre-
links of those young men.

PROOF OF A HELPLESS OLD BACHE-
LOR.—"I always know a helpless old
bachelor," says a clever lady, "by looking
at the corners of his pocket-handkerchief.
If I notice in them any little pieces of red,
blue, or yellow worsted, such as washer-
women use to identify the property of each
customer, I know at once that he has no
one at home to mark his linen, and that
he is a poor, pitiful, misanthropical, friend-
less, helpless old bachelor."

Brother Aminadab, a still Quaker, on
receiving from a "worthy man" a blow on
his face, turned the other cheek, to which
a similar salute was applied. "Friend,"
said Aminadab, "Scripture injunction be-
ing now satisfied, I will proceed to ad-
minister to thee a little wholesome correc-
tion," and he therefore mauled the assail-
ant most unmercifully.

An old soldier, whose nose had been
chopped off by a sabre cut, happened to
give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaim-
ed in return, "God preserve your eyesight."
Why so?" inquired the veteran. "Because
sir," he replied, "if your eyes should grow
weak, you could not keep spectacles on."

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is at hand in the world, scat-
tered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, week-
ly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled
and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information,
invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the man
of the fabric, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Useful Receipts.

TO RESTORE MILDEWED LINEN.—
Moisten the spots with clear water, and
rub over them a thick coating of castile
soap; on this scrape chalk over the soap,
mixing and rubbing it into the spots with
the end of the finger. Then wash it off.
Sometimes one coating is sufficient, but
generally the process requires to be gone
through with two or three times.

Dr. Bissell, one of the quarantine phy-
sicians of Staten Island, is of the opinion
that "if a person's hair be washed he is
not liable to disease."

The Norfolk Herald supports the opin-
ion. "So important a result," says that
paper, "from so simple a cause may seem
incredible to many, but not us. There is
not a more effectual preventive of disease
than the immersion of the head in cold
water the year round.

BUCKWHEAT GRIDDLE CAKES.—To
four teacups of flour, add five teacups of
warm water, and two teaspoonfuls of good
yeast. Stir it thoroughly, and let it stand
in a warm place over night. In the morn-
ing add two teaspoonfuls of fine salt, and
one teaspoonful of soda. Let your fire be
quick, but not hot enough to scorch or
smoke the cakes; they must be crisp and
slightly embrowned, and ready to turn
over as soon as they are comfortably set-
tled upon the griddle. Such cakes cannot
injure the most delicate stomach. After
the cakes are started in this manner, a
teacupful of the batter left every morning
as a "nest-egg," answers a better purpose
than yeast, and the cakes improve for sev-
eral days. It is well, however, to begin
anew about once a week.

RICE PASTE CAKE.—Rub three ounces
of butter into half a pound of rice flour,
moisten it with water, work it well, and
roll it out thin; then cut it in small cakes,
and bake in a quick oven.

TO REVIVE GILT FRAMES.—Beat up
three ounces of the white of eggs with an
ounce of soda; blow the dust from the
frames with a bellows; then rub them
over with a soft brush dipped in the mix-
ture.

WHITENESS FOR FENCES.—One ounce
of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) and
three ounces of common salt to every three
or four pounds of good fresh lime, will
render it durable where it is exposed to
the weather.

TO TEMPER EARTHENWARE.—Boil
earthenware that is used for baking, (be-
fore using it, as it will be less liable to
crack,) covering it with cold water, and
then heating it gradually. Let it remain
in till the water has cooled.

TO LOOSEN TIGHTLY-WEDGED STOP-
PLES OF DECANTERS AND SMELLING-BOT-
TLES.—Rub a feather dipped in oil round
the stopple, close to the mouth of the bot-
tle: place the mouth of the bottle to-
wards the fire, about two feet from it.
When warm, strike the bottle lightly on
both sides, with any convenient wooden
instrument, and take out the stopple.—
You may have to repeat the process. By
perseverance you will ultimately triumph,
however closely it may be wedged in.

TO CLEANSE PHIALS AND PIE PLATES.
Cleanse bottles that have had medicines
in them by putting ashes in each, immer-
sing them in cold water, and then heat-
ing the water gradually till it boils. Af-
ter boiling an hour, let them remain in it,
till it is cold. Wash them in soap-suds,
and rinse them till clear in fair water.—
Pie-plates that have been long used for
baking, are apt to impart an unpleasant
taste, on account of the rancidity of the but-
ter and lard imbibed. Put them in a brass
kettle, with ashes and cold water, and boil
them an hour.

SCOURING KNIVES.—A small, clean
potato, with the end cut off, is a very con-
venient medium of applying brick-dust to
knives, keeping it about the right mois-
ture, while the juice of the potato assists
in removing stains from the surface. We
can get a better polish by this method
than by any other we have tried, and with
less labor.

TRIMMING GRAPE VINES.—Grape vines
should never be trimmed in the spring;
November is the better time. At that
date they will not bleed and by freeing the
vine from its useless portions, you prevent
the exhaustion of the roots by constant
evaporation from the branches, and conse-
quent ascent by capillary attraction: the
wind blowing among the branches also as-
sists this action. Compare a vine trimmed
November 25th with one alongside of it
trimmed in spring, of equal size, and in-
variably the November trimming will give
the best results. Grape vines require
phosphates and potash separately applied
a week or more apart, and a rain between.
No better time than June, unless before
done.

By sheltering your stock you
will save much provender.

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Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro,
N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splen-
did and well selected stock, of fine and fash-
ionable Jewelry, of every description, among
which may be found several magnificent sets
of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver
Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and
warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well
to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as
he is confident, that he can sell as good bar-
gains as can be bought in this market.

August, 1st, 1858. 134—4f.

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ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, ad-
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facility and ability enables us to guarantee sat-
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business, and with a very heavy stock on hand
which has been selected with unusual care we
feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to
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